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APRIL 13, 1979

EST GERMANY LOOKS EAST —SEE PAGE 468

NATIONAL REVIEW

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MR E ROY SMITH

Rx USA

What Teddy Kennedy Isn't Telling Us about Canadian Medicare

Donald Coxe

Stuart M. MacLeod

Also In This Issue:

F.R. Buckley visits Soweto ◆ Ross Mackenzie on the New Old South ◆ Richard Brookhiser on Marx, Eurocommunism ◆ Conway Rucks looks back on 1984 ◆ Plus: Sobran, Mano

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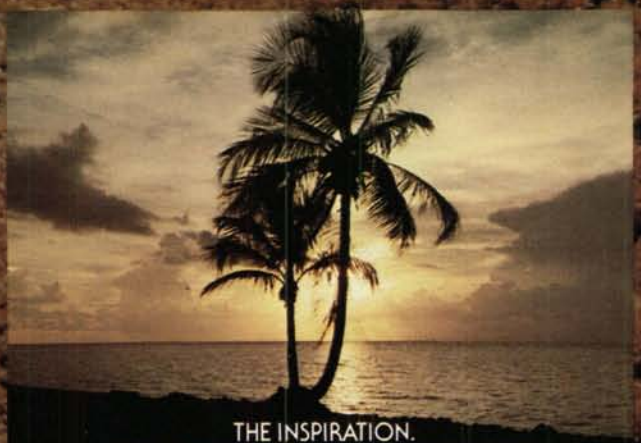

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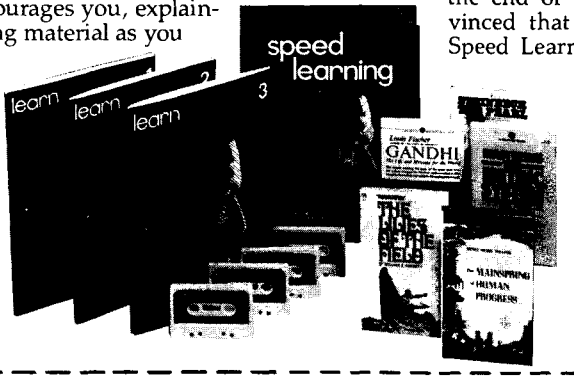

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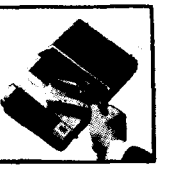

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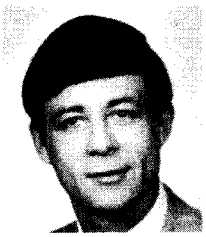

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Letters

Just Give Me the Facts

Gregory Rose's stunning exposé of the U.S. Labor Party ["The Swarmy Life and Times of the NCLC," March 30] was precisely the type of article I wish *NR* would publish more often: investigative journalism, jammed with facts and some analysis, but not so blatantly ideological. Leave the bludgeon approach to political education to *The Progressive*. In fact, Rose's documentation of the ease with which the U.S. Labor Party could insinuate itself with far-right groups underscores the danger posed by all those who do not think—whether they be of the Left or the Right. James Burnham noted the type—the ideologue—a generation ago in *Suicide of the West*: the racist for whom facts about black IQs are irrelevant; the Communist who ignores the Gulag; and the radical right-winger who dreams up conspiracy theories with the frequency of a Mark Lane. My thanks to *NR* and Gregory Rose for exposing another example.

John Christopher
Minneapolis, Minn.

Right and Red

Yes, Mr. Vree, you *are* being fuzzy-minded ["Up with Eurocommunism?" Feb. 16]. Conservatism (in the sense in which the word is usually used in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW) and democratic socialism are mutually exclusive. Even men of the Left such as Jean-François Revel are cognizant of the incompatibility of conservatism and Communism. This incompatibility has been made abundantly clear in theory by Hayek and von Mises, and one can scarcely classify their work as old, rigid ideas of cold-war vintage. It has also been made clear in practice by the events of this century in the USSR, throughout Eastern Europe, and in China, Cuba, and Chile. It is becoming increasingly clear from developments in Great Britain that, even when social democrats have the best intentions, the very essence of the system leads to diminished human liberty and to an ever more powerful state.

Communism has no human face. Potent theoretical arguments, for which there is an increasing amount of concrete evidence, lead to the conclusion that a socialist state tends in time to become totalist. Italy may indeed be the next demonstration, as Mr. Vree suggests—but a demonstration of the validity of Hayek's thesis in defense of freedom, not that of Kolakowski's.

Henry E. Heatherly
Lafayette, La.

Mr. Vree Replies

In his new book, *The (Guilty) Conscien of a Conservative*, Craig Schiller argu that the NATIONAL REVIEW conservatism the 1950s has become radically different the 1970s—having more or less becor the liberalism of 1950s vintage. No other than *NR* Publisher William Rusher acknowledged *NR*'s abandonme of 1950s-style conservatism in his revie of the book (Sept. 1, 1978). If this trer holds up, in the 1990s NATIONAL REVIE may well be the chief organ of 1950s-sty democratic socialism. Like it or not, could be socialism's finest hour.

Dale Vre
El Cerrito, Cali

See p. 472. —E

Lame Review

John Simon's review ["Lame Deer," Feb 16] of *The Deer Hunter* was a disgrac It was an insult to any *NR* reader with modicum of civility. Calling the screer writer "a failed Harvard playwright" an the director "a liar" is an exercise in th worst type of ad hominem criticism. Bu I don't blame Simon as much as I do th editors. It is their job to keep puerilit out of NATIONAL REVIEW. If such puerilit is tolerated in future reviews by Simor the editors can count on this subscriber o ten years to cancel his subscription.

Joseph K. McLaughli
Minneapolis, Minr

Re Simon's review, "Lame Deer": I won der how many *NR* readers live in Clairton Pa., which may be unimaginable but is no imaginary.

D. A. Lon
New Concord, Ohi

Mr. Simon Replies

It is well known that Cimino shot hi "typical" steel town all over tarnation an called this composite Clairton. To th citizens of the real town, apologies for m ignorance of its existence, though I hope for their sake, that *The Deer Hunter* i equally ignorant about its realities. Deric Washburn, however, *is* "a failed Harvarc playwright"; after creating a bit of a splash on the banks of the Charles, he bombed off-Broadway with a couple of plays and was not heard from again until now. As for Cimino, his autobiographical lies (which are also the subject of an extensive article by Tom Buckley in the April *Harper's*) are more interesting than his mediocre artistic ones. To have passed over the former for the sake of the latter

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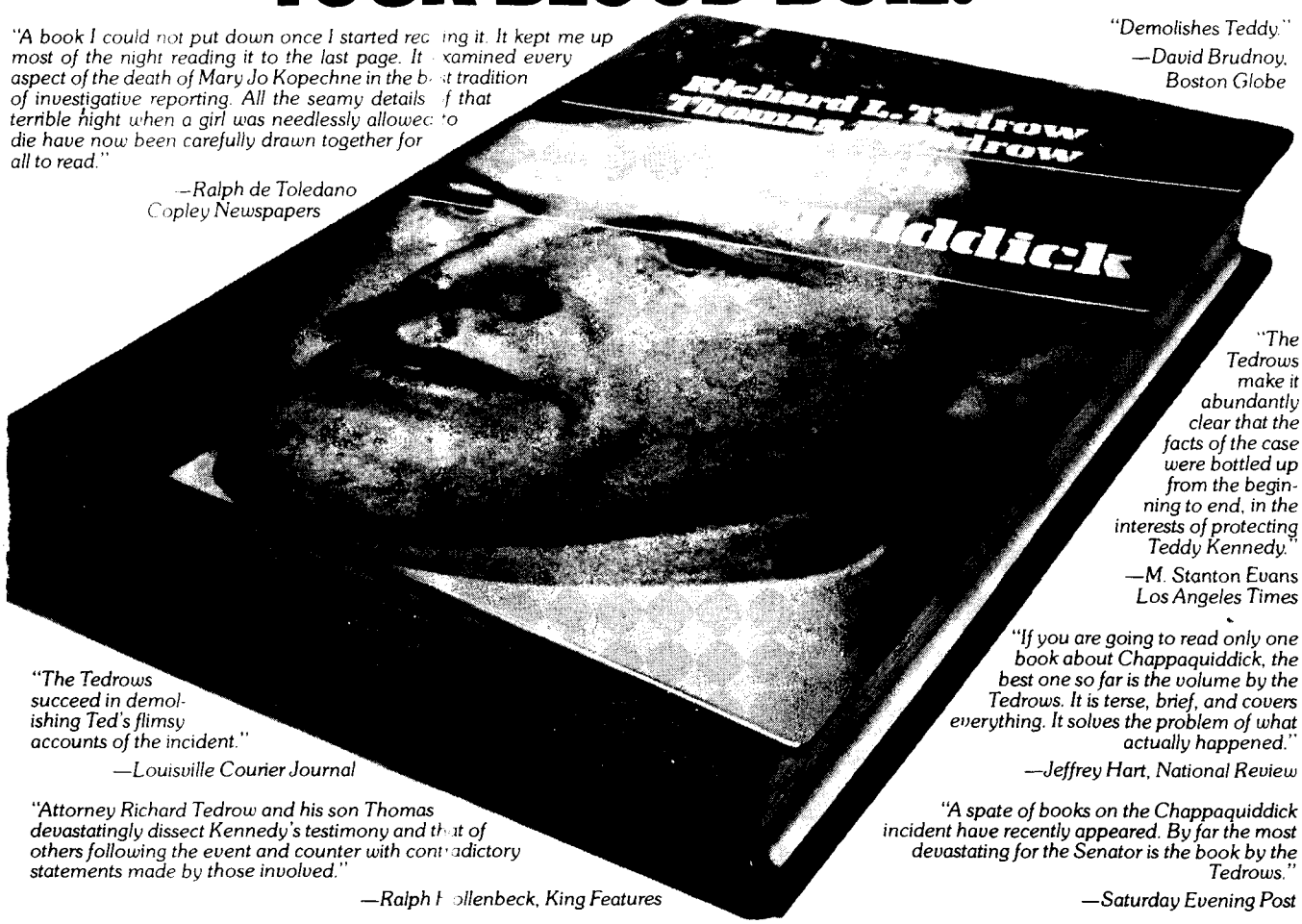
—Ralph de Toledano
Copley Newspapers



"Demolishes Teddy."

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Boston Globe

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Los Angeles Times

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—Jeffrey Hart, National Review

"The Tedrows succeed in demolishing Ted's flimsy accounts of the incident."

—Louisville Courier Journal

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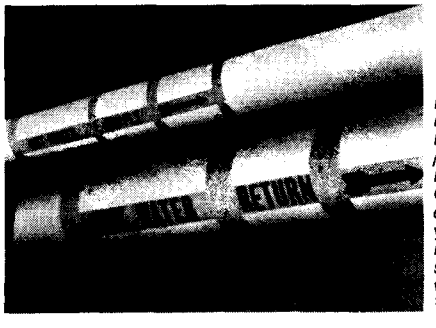

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(with which, to be sure, they are close tied in) would have meant being unfair Mr. Cimino's inventiveness.

John Sim
New York, N.

Competency Tests

I have read *The Curve of Bindi Energy* by John McPhee, and I find Bruce-Briggs' assertion of the politic motivation behind its writing absu ["Terror and Anxiety," Feb. 2]. McPh writes about things and people he fin interesting, and all his essays are publish initially in *The New Yorker*. If the r viewer could substantiate the politic overtones of McPhee's previous books, h claim might hold more credence. Ah, b Mr. Bruce-Briggs doesn't agree with Te Taylor's assessment of the state of th U.S.'s nuclear safeguards. What to dc Considering that Dr. Taylor obviously re searched the subject and has the scientifi background to understand the implication of what he ascertained, and that the re viewer is apparently too busy to look int it himself, his task is formidable. Solu tion? Since the usual approach of counter ing either Taylor's statements or McPhee' reporting is not feasible (i.e., the reviewe is not competent for his project), per sonalities are to be attacked and issue trivialized.

Monte Fishe
Austin, Te

Mr. Bruce-Briggs Replies

The review only implied that the editor and kept writers of *The New Yorker* ar motivated by a desire to produce wha they believe their readers will find agree able and amusing. The review concurre in Mr. Taylor's appraisal of safeguards and lauded the Ford Foundation for sup porting his study. Perhaps additional safe guards are needed—the State and Univer sity of Texas might require literacy test for people with access to potentially flam mable, toxic, or explosive materials.

B. Bruce-Brigg
Fort Lee, N.J

For the Record

In my interview with Richard Brookhise [Feb. 2], I stated: "Electricity use ha been growing by about 7 per cent a yea since the beginning of this century. . . This rate slowed down in 1974-75, *but i the last three years, it's gone back to th old level.*" This was a matter outside my own areas of expertise in scientific anc technical questions. I have since checke and found that the growth rate was 6.3 per cent in 1975-76, 4.3 per cent in 1976 77, and even lower (estimated) in 1977 78. Please accept my apologies for this error.

Bernard L. Cohen
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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nazing Abbie

vas amazed to see Abbie Hoffman's ne in NATIONAL REVIEW ["For the cord," Jan. 5]. I was even more amazed en I read the quote attributed to him. vas so amazed, in fact, that I called *shingtonian* magazine, from which the ote was extracted.

am not a typical NATIONAL REVIEW der. By that I mean that my politics pretty much the same as Mr. Hoffn's and I read your magazine because, hough I may disagree with almost rything in *NR*, I think it is important know what those to my right think. In instance of Abbie Hoffman, I think neone's sense of humor has failed. It med plain to me upon reading the "inview" with Abbie that its tone and ent are satiric and that indeed the entire ece was written by Vic Gold.

However much you disagree with Abbie offman's politics, I am sure you will ree that you are doing him a grave disrvice by giving your readers the impresn that he has turned his back on his eply held beliefs.

Lynn M. Samuels
Bayside, N.Y.

ie piece Miss Samuels refers to was ritten by Vic Gold, as his by-line indited. Mr. Gold tells us that he stands his story. —PG

hetorical Doomsaying

credibly, for Jewish survivors of the olocaust (other than those who underent direct physical suffering) the memoes of the swastika are dimming. Yet, M. Sobran's haughty contempt ["The mericanization of Adolf," Jan. 19] for e harmless neo-Nazi freaks is encouragg but not totally reassuring. The Geran Nazi party was founded by less than dozen lonely misfits, who, initially, did othing more than debate over steins of er. Most Nazis, including some of the ore effective, like Eichmann or Himmler, ere skinny runts who, on a one-for-one asis, could not have bullied one elderly wish rabbi. Many of the party leaders ere pot-bellied Walter Mittys, quite inapable of executing the goose step with ny precision. Considering all the irraonal idiocies this country has peretrated upon itself recently, can Mr. obran assure us that such a power play inconceivable here?

Herbert Berry
Orangeburg, S.C.

n Whose Image?

Ialachi B. Martin's article "Nature's Law Nature's God" [Feb. 2], is an extreme xample of illogical and superficial analyis. There is certainly much to be critiized in the "back to nature—no growth" BTNNG) school of thought, but to lump

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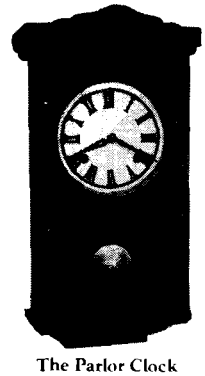

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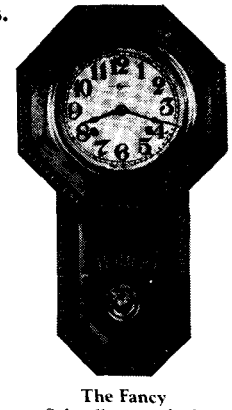

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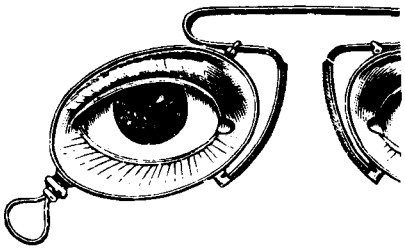

The Ad on Page 461

all its advocates into one group, distort their viewpoints, and then equate them with the dementia of Jim Jones is well beyond the limits of responsible criticism, and of good taste.

Martin asserts that this movement denies the spirituality of man and his immortal soul, yet most of the writers he refers to espouse immortality and base their positions on their experience of the spirit (Teilhard, Ram Das, Berry). And "spiritual" is a fair characterization for the bulk of basic thought within this school, although conceptions of man's spirit of course vary widely. It is obvious that for Martin "spirituality" occurs only within the traditional (dogmatic) framework: the Christian mystic Teilhard does not even qualify.

James A. Hanlen
Benton City, Wash.

Those for whom the preservation of Western civilization is a matter of concern, in an age haunted by fear of nuclear war, can be grateful to Malachi Martin for exposing the hostility to civilized values of the cult of BTNNG. For this cult totally denies the teachings of One whose life so influenced world thought that Rome's calendar was changed in order to date time from the year of His birth.

Dewitt S. Snell
Schenectady, N.Y.

Rhodesia Fund

After reading "Living in Fear" [by Diana Sanford, March 16], we would like to tell your readers that a fund exists which is trying to alleviate some of the suffering in Rhodesia. Based in England, this fund, Medical Aid for Rhodesia, has in the last few months surpassed the amount of aid given by the World Council of Churches to the "Patriotic Front" terrorists in 1978. Medical Aid buys and dispatches specific items of medical equipment urgently required at specific hospitals and clinics in Rhodesia. While UN sanctions do not apply to the importation of medical supplies, the prices of imported goods are highly inflated and have to be paid for out of severely limited foreign currency. Furthermore, as the cost of medical equipment is considerably lower in Britain, the real value of the aid given is significantly greater. All items of medical equipment supplied by the organization are given according to the following criteria: that they are not available locally; that they are items that are urgently needed; and that they will be used to benefit Rhodesians of all races.

For contributions and further information write to MEDICAL AID FOR RHODESIA, c/o J. McK. Gibbs, 61 St. Ann Street, Salisbury, Wiltshire, England.

Julia Peck
Derry, N. Ireland

To the Garrotes

Highest marks to NATIONAL REVIEW bringing to us the text of Henry Kissinger's *Economist* interview [March Rather than being a sellout to the Sovi Dr. Kissinger's policy of detente and SALT process were the manifestations a tactical retreat designed to allow Am can resolve to recover from the wou of Vietnam. Now, thanks largely to heroic incompetence of the ruling Adm istration, American sentiment seems to in the mood for a counterattack. Kissin realizes this, and his thesis in *The Eco mist*, while appearing to be a model objective logic, is a subtle appeal to t mood.

It comes not a moment too soon. Sov moves in Yemen, Zimbabwe, and Kamj chea all bring Moscow several steps clo to controlling the routes of ingress to a egress from the Indian Ocean; by the m Eighties, if Kissinger's theory bears o Russia will be in a position to tighten t garrote. Our capability to resist that pr sure will depend largely on how well v heed Kissinger's predictions.

Donald Wayne Bridg
La Puente, Cal

The Schoolmen

I want to convey to you how greatly I e joyed the article by Dorothy L. Saye ["The Lost Tools of Learning," Jan. 1 Both the College of Notre Dame and t University of San Francisco, throu alumni contributions, have established each institution courses which are reac ing the fundamentals of the dialectics the schoolmen. These courses are volu tary and carry no credit, but we have h to limit the attendance in both institutio because of the desire of students to taught this distinct method of educatic

Edward D. K
Belmont, Cal

Duty Calls

I feel called upon to correct your colum on Andrew Young in "The Week" [Marc 2]. Andrew Young is an ordained minist in the United Church of Christ, not t Baptist Church. As a United Church Christ seminarian, I say this out of sense of duty rather than of pride—t Baptists have enough problems witho the added stigma of Andy Young.

Larry Cron
Rochester, N.

Necessary Tonic

The article by Simon Leys ["Huma Rights in China," Dec. 8] was a muc needed antidote to the heady propagand circulating these days about Red China, superb piece of writing. And, as usua your timing was magnificent.

Paul R. Pete
Sherman, Con

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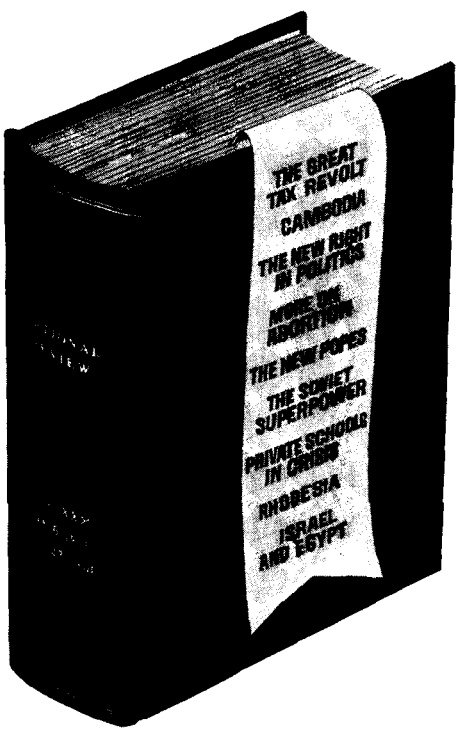
Here is the reason why more and more parents of young children are buying bound volumes of National Review



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March 9, 1979

Mr. Allen Kay
Executive Vice-President
Kay, Thomas & Anthony, Inc.
205 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Dear Allen:

Thanks very much for your stimulating presentation last Thursday on "Information Management as a Cost-Cutting Tool."

Our people were very favorably impressed with the thoroughness and insight demonstrated by your research into this area.

However, we've decided to table for the time being any further explorations. Our "paperwork flow," we feel, is not great enough to warrant further action, since the vast majority of it consists merely of ordinary business letter like this one.

[illegible]
know that your people will be among the first we'll contact.

Best regards,

Warren Stewart

Warren Stewart
President

WS/bc

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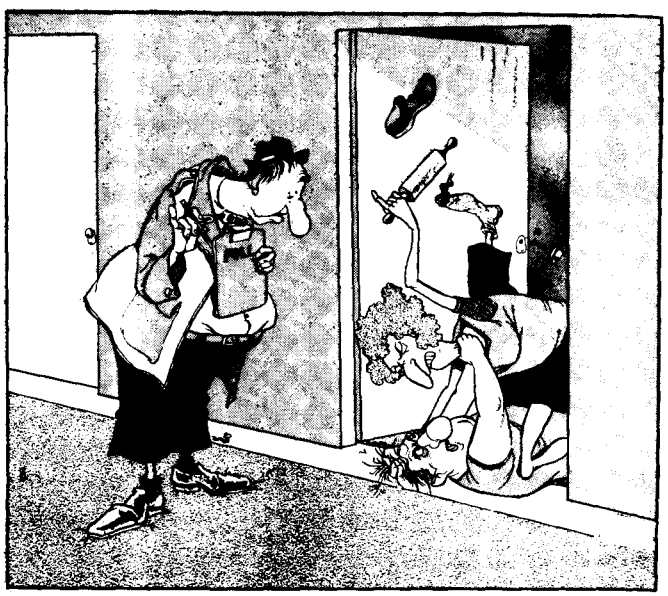
FOR THE RECORD

With 28 states already in or, **National Taxpayers ion** is predicting that ve for a balanced-budget endment will reach the essary number (34) by ie. . . . Move over **George eany**. Business wants a n. **White House** attacks "excessive" 1978 profits ve prompted business to ike back. "You have 9.5 r cent after-taxes profit d 8.2 per cent inflation—it doesn't sound like inor-nate profits to me," said **rrest Shumway** of Signal mpanies. "If business was deceptive in its advertising politicians are on the is-e of corporate profits, the vernment would probably ow us businessmen in jail," said **W. Dowdle**, treasurer of R. J. Reyn-ls. . . . Chamber of Commerce Presi-nt **Richard Lesher** pointed out that om the fourth quarter of 1977 to the rth quarter of 1978 the "increase in rkers' wages was three times greater an the increase in profits, and the in-ease in federal taxes was eight times eater." . . . *Business Week* went after **fred Kahn**, Administration's inflation ar, who termed the profits a "catas-phe." The magazine said the U.S. esperately needs its chief inflation hter to learn to keep his mouth shut d take a refresher course in eco-mics."



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rotheo

"Shall I put you down as 'undecided'?"

If **SALT II** treaty were voted on ght now, it would be crushed in the nate. Most optimistic count has forty nators approving pact, ten short of mple majority, 27 short of two-thirds eded for ratification. Administration aims of public support for SALT ve been called into question by poll commissioned by **Committee on the Present Danger**, which found only 21 per cent of Americans supporting SALT II treaty. Crucial man in the debate over treaty will be hawkish Senator **Sam Nunn**, a Georgia Democrat highly respected on both sides of aisle. *Wall Street Journal* quotes a White House official as saying: "I can envision winning SALT without **Jackson** and possibly even without **Baker**. But without Nunn we're dead." . . . How bad are things at CIA? Senator **Daniel Moynihan**, a member of the **Senate Select Committee on Intelligence**, recently said there are "few functions left in the CIA—most of them, I think—that couldn't be performed by the **Library of Congress**." Morale wasn't helped when agency received a request for data, under the **Freedom of Information Act**, from Polish embassy. . . . Moroccan leftists have stepped up their campaign to expel **Shah of Iran**. **Switzerland**, **Spain**, **France**, **Britain**, and **Italy** have informed Shah they can't accept responsibility for his security. Only Egypt and U.S. have extended welcome mat, but he is unlikely to come to U.S. for two reasons: 1) his advisors have warned that his security, in light of FBI breakdown, can't be protected; and 2) the U.S. role in pressuring him to go into exile. . . . **USSR** is spurning U.S. warnings to stay out of **Afghanistan** fighting. Four days after U.S. delivered warning, Soviet pilots began flying troops to remote rebel strongholds. . . . An historic first: the **Soviet Academy of Sciences** has refused, by a vote of 212 to 137, to admit a member of the Communist Party Central Committee, Sergei P. Trapezhnikov, chairman of the Science Commission of Supreme Soviet. Academy of Sciences pre-dates the Soviet regime and is the only Soviet institution that allows a secret ballot. It is also the only Soviet institution to which dissident **Andrei Sakharov** belongs. . . . With many Chinese troops moved to the Vietnamese border, many Chinese have taken the opportunity to flee the country. So far this year 56,000 have crossed the border, legally or illegally, into Hong Kong. The figure is already more than double the number for the whole of last year.

■ Treaty notes: **Begin-Sadat** accord is not a first. Israeli historians report a pact, signed 3,000 years ago, between King Solomon and an Egyptian pharaoh. . . . But despite the treaty **Hamilton Jordan** says Menahem Begin still has trouble remembering his name: "He's always calling me Hamilton Judea and Samaria."

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THE WEEK

■ "The United States is a bizarre country. Everything has to go through the Congress" (Souvanna Phouma, former Prime Minister of Laos).

■ ERA is reeling, may be dead already. The original deadline is past; ERA foes are whooping it up, while three Washington legislators have asked the state supreme court to declare the extension unconstitutional. "The deadline for ratification expired at midnight," said one, "and Washington's ratification expired." Four other ratifying states have voted to rescind; the Kentucky legislature's rescission vote was vetoed by the acting governor; several other states are having second thoughts. The result is a constitutional mess that can only make sober legislators conscious that a pro-ERA vote now is more surely a vote for a brouhaha than an expression of the kind of consensus the Constitution should represent. ERA supporters are now committed to a bloody-minded position: that if 37 states ratify and rescind, a single state can, during the extension period, impose a constitutional amendment.

■ Attorney General Griffin Bell named Paul J. Curran as "special counsel" to investigate the Carter peanut business and its relation to possible violations of federal campaign laws. Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd promptly joined a group of Republicans who wondered why the "special counsel" wasn't given the strong investigative powers of the "special prosecutor" in the Watergate affair. Two days later, Mr. Bell gave full prosecutorial power to Mr. Curran, saying he always had intended to anyway, or it didn't matter, or his daddy could lick your daddy, or somesuch. So now the Official Investigation begins. Let it run its course without fear or favor, and without the rancorous and remorseless yelping that characterized the hyenas of Watergate. The country doesn't need to see another President hounded from office. Nor does it need crooks in the White House.

Paging Mr. Rafshoon

Some day the Pepsi people hope to
Conquer Coca-Cola,
But in New Hampshire, Carter couldn't
Whop the Ayatollah.

W. H. VON DREELE

Let the Special Prosecutor judge Carter's past; let t people judge his policies and his programs. And in 19 let's quietly and serenely vote him out of office for all t right reasons.

■ Not all conservatives believe that unions are the : phalt of the road to socialism. At least not Represen tive Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.), who, with several otl Republican legislators, is filing an amicus curiae brief support of the AFL-CIO's suit against the Carter A ministration's wage and price control program. "To s that inflation is caused by rising wages and prices is li saying wet streets cause rain," says Kemp, who is shre enough to recognize that, when inflation is the enem workers and robber barons—and labor and Republica —have a common interest.

■ When you feel like condemning Californians to an i vasion of extraterrestrial pods, consider what is going c right now in the fair city of San Francisco, where tl mayor and a city supervisor were shot to death in D cember. George Moscone, the late Chief Executive ar a true California liberal, was succeeded by Dianne Fei stein, formerly the president of the Board of Supervisor In her short time in office she has made the Police Chi put on a uniform, sent his men back to patrolling tl Tenderloin, and skipped over Harvey Milk's crudely u closeted administrative assistant to appoint a less abr sive homosexual to the martyred Milk's seat on t Board of Supervisors. Recently she gave the Bay Ar gays a little lecture on the etiquette of perversion. Yc live in what is overwhelmingly a heterosexual societ she said, and you have to respect heterosexual sensibil ties. "We have to establish more positive standards f the city while keeping our traditional tolerance," she to an inquiring interviewer.

■ Memo to the ACLU: On March 27, 1979, a pote tially serious violation of the separation of church a state may have occurred at the White House. On tl occasion of the signing of the Israeli-Egyptian treaty, tl leaders of Israel, Egypt, and the U.S. all called upon certain deity in support of the treaty. The words c Messrs. Begin and Sadat can be exempted on the groun of sovereign immunity, but not so with President Carte who called upon God using Islamic, Hebrew, and Chri tian texts. Amazing stuff. As an individual, Mr. Carte has every right to worship according to his own like but when he uses the publicly owned White House on public occasion involving not only his own immediat guests but the national radio and television networks c the country, he raises a prima facie case of violation c the separation of church and state under the Fir Amendment. It is even probable that in some schoo little children were held as captive audiences with n alternative to exposure to this invasion of their right

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ETTER ROM /ASHINGTON

The hometown paper comes in four sections during the week News, Style, Sports, and Metro. The vs section is more or less hard news, h a sauce diavolo of *Washington st* "interpretive reporting." There are ops and scooplets and an uneven challenging editorial page. The le section is just that, quintessential-Washingtonian in its fascination with pearance at the expense of reality. eadable" is the word for it, and its x of personality pieces and trendy ticism has been copied by papers oss the country. Sports is thick, ag-ssively edited, and remarkably well-itten. To many professionals, it is the est sports section in the country (de-ite the fact that the *Boston Globe*'s iff wins all the prizes). So well-re-ived is Sports that the Business sec-n is tucked away in its nether re-ns, reminding us once again that the siness of Washington is not Business. The Metro section is something else ain. It carries offbeat stories from und town, an obituary section that ms lifted from *Mad* magazine, an dless chronicle of bureaucratic devel-ments in the subway system, and few disembodied columns. Demo-aphic studies suggest that the section not widely read, and the ads don't pear to be choking out the marginal ries. To be assigned by *Post* editors the Metro section is to know you are elling like something other than a se. Ask yourself: What reporter would nt to cover local stories for that great tional newspaper, the *Washington st*? The answer is: No self-respecting porter has ever wanted to write local ries for the *Washington Post*.

This fact may explain the low state of departmental morale and, we suspect, why Metro has become our favorite section of the paper. It's fun watching Metro writers, manipulating the unassuming local story, try to slip a cosmic truth by the guys on the desk.

As an example, take this story on the progress of a new hometown law firm. It opens chattily enough, "When the energy crisis first exploded in Congress in 1973, William Van Ness Jr., Howard Feldman, and Lynn Sutcliffe were right in the middle. Key congressional staffers, they had major roles in shaping the first legislation designed to meet the nation's energy shortages." And then: "They are still in the middle of the energy crunch, this time as partners in one of Washington's newest hot law firms—Van Ness, Feldman & Sutcliffe."

Later: "Van Ness and Charles B. Curtis, a founding partner who quit the firm to become chairman of the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, were deeply involved in Congress' first efforts to write a comprehensive energy bill. That was back in 1973, when Van Ness was chief counsel for Senator Henry Jackson's Senate Interior Committee (now the Energy Committee) and Curtis had the same job with the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, which handled energy legislation . . . Feldman was chief counsel for Jackson's Senate investigations committee, which forced the top executives of seven major oil companies to deny under oath that their firms were hoarding oil to jack up prices. Sutcliffe was counsel to a Senate Commerce Committee, which had responsibility for pipeline legislation."

Later, the firm called on additional expertise. "One of the newest firm members is Grenville Garside, who replaced Van Ness as counsel at the Senate Energy Committee. Another committee staff member, Ben Yamagata, and Robert G. Szabo, former legislative assistant to the committee's ranking majority member behind Jackson, Senator Bennett Johnston (D., La.), also have joined the firm recently." As a matter of fact, the report continues, "about the only lawyers in the firm who did not come from the Hill are G. William Frick, former general counsel of the Environmental Protection Agency, and Alan L. Mintz, who worked in the Department of Energy's office of exceptions and qualifications."

How's the new firm doing? Well, things seem to be going swimmingly. The firm has a "full plate" of clients in the "oil, gas, and coal" industries. Just shows what a man can still do if he's willing to start at the bottom and put in long hours.

The story could have ended there, but that would not be in the Metro tradition. An afterthought paragraph was tacked on to the end of the story and, in our view, repays the reader's patience. "It was Garside, the newest partner, who was chief counsel of the Senate Energy Committee when it held up the nomination of Lynn R. Coleman to be general counsel of the Department of Energy because of possible conflicts of interest. Coleman had been a partner in former Texas Governor John Connally's Houston law firm, Vinson & Elkins, which represents energy companies here and in Texas."

To think that but for Garside's vigilance that slippery Coleman fellow might have been in there getting his interests all tangled up. —CATO

---

early, this is a case calling for prosecution to the ghest court in the land. cc. Madalyn Murray O'Hair.

HEW Secretary Joseph Califano got splashy page-one adlines all over when he reported, sorrowfully, that irbs on Medicaid-funded abortions had meant a drop 99 per cent in those abortions in the past 11 months, uring which period only 2,421 had been performed, aid for by Uncle Sam. Another way of looking at it is at 200,000 babies in the last 11 months have had a ghting chance of making it all the way to the delivery om.

■ The South African scandal builds and builds, shaking the ruling National Party at home, and implicating South African agents in alleged attempts to buy newspapers and influence elections abroad. Like the South Koreans before them, the South Africans plead self-defense, and they make a strong case. For thirty years, the stability of the non-Communist world has depended on America. Even nations with which we were not allied could count on our aid, or word—our presence—to discourage revolutionary intervention. As that presence collapses—in Phnom Penh, in Saigon, in Taiwan—small nations conclude that they must fend for themselves. And

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if that means spreading the bucks around, who are we to chide them? It may not be cricket—but as the *Pax Americana* retreats, so will the rulebooks.

■ China, even with a hundred Blumenthals blooming, may not be a Western businessman's bonanza. Its exports are running $10 billion a year (one-quarter in textiles and clothing, one-eighth in petroleum products, the rest in commodities), and the prospect of any great expansion of U.S. exports to China depends on its either 1) borrowing $30 billion to pay for them, or 2) borrowing $30 billion or so to build steel plants or petroleum installations that would produce earnings in hard currencies after 1985 or so. The dream of riches from the Orient trade is as old as the travelogues of Marco Polo, and may be no more substantial than the bubbles in Coke.

■ Just when the Administration has made the concession that it believes will lead to a SALT treaty, the Soviets confound American negotiators by coming up with a new weapon. Last month they tested a new intercontinental bomber more powerful than the Backfire, which American negotiators have graciously agreed not to consider a strategic weapon. They also tested cruise missiles launched from a Backfire. (The U.S., you remember, was supposed to be years ahead of the Soviets in cruise missile technology.) This month's surprise is that the Soviets have adapted their SS-18 missile to carry 14 warheads, four beyond the limit already agreed on by U.S. and Soviet negotiators. The second surprise is the CIA knew two months ago about the SS-18 capabilities but delayed passing the information on to the Pentagon. Stansfield Turner and Jimmy Carter evidently have transformed what once was a rogue elephant into a nice house pet.

■ Rhodesia—Catch-22. Lifting U.S. economic sanctions against Rhodesia is legally contingent on free, majority-rule elections there. Rhodesia will try to have such elections with some three million blacks participating April 20 and has invited the UN, Britain, and the U.S. to send observers. Predictably, the UN will have none of it. Shamefully, neither will Britain or the United States. After the election, if Rhodesia asks lifting of the sanctions, the U.S. thus can refuse on the ground that it has no proof that the elections met the criterion. Catch-22. Senators Hayakawa and McGovern have now proposed a bill to send a non-official observation team, funded by Congress but in no way committing the U.S. But those same folks who argued that recognizing Peking and sending an ambassador there did not imply approval, also argue that even a private observation team implies some degree of U.S. approval of the Smith regime. Moreover, State Department representatives argued before a congressional committee that observation might lead to lifting sanctions, which might lead to prolonging the war and bringing in the Russians and Cubans; as if anything less than Salisbury's surrender would satisfy Mugabe and Nkomo or Moscow and Havana. Britain and the U apparently find it easier to turn their backs on the wh process in the hope that if it all comes unraveled t can disclaim responsibility. Still, if the Hayakawa–M Govern bill passes, Congress might well provide the A ministration an escape from the no-win situation i which its own policy has led it.

■ As we go to press, we are reliably informed by so guy on the radio that the government of Mexico is co plaining of "human rights violations" against illegal migrants to the U.S. Wonder what they mean. Is send a man back to Mexico a violation of his human righ

■ Talk about your sticky domestic situations. M Niki Skourli of Athens, Greece was so incensed that l lawyer had failed to get her a divorce after being p $2,800 to do so that she doused the hapless barris with gasoline and incinerated him.

■ Chantek, an orangutan who has been taught simp sign language, has held a press conference to demo strate that he can communicate with humans. Accordi to reporters present, Chantek gestured his intention run for the Presidency. We'll certainly give him seric consideration as soon as Chantek learns enough signs tell us which party's nomination he's seeking.

■ The State Department denies being caught unawa by the sudden revolution that overthrew the Dal Bilandic regime in Chicago.

■ Iran is reportedly weighing an offer from Cambodia trade Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini for free agent P Pot, a second-round draft choice, and an undisclos amount of cash.

■ The Soviet Union is experiencing an extreme me shortage. Most of the country has been out of fresh me for months, and people come to Moscow from hundre of miles to buy a half kilo of sausage. Let 'em eat A 47s.

Another Chance

Beneath their gratitude for the Israeli-Egyptian treat most Americans, still numbed by the Vietnam failure, a cautious in assessing the prospects for the Middle Ea The harsh Arab reaction shows that the treaty is trouble across the board, from Arafat's PLO ("Chop c their hands"), through Syria (visited by Gromyko, wh condemned the treaty) and Iraq ("Sadat is a traitor" to Saudi Arabia (rumbling about East Jerusalem). Te rorism has started against targets in the West Bank an against U.S. diplomatic establishments (two bombs e ploded outside the U.S. Embassy in Damascus). A

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Here it is - The Buckley Roast!

(The hard-to-find tape recording that has become a big conservative hit!)

DON'T MISS IT!

Yes, now you can get your own copy of the sensational tape that makes conservatives (and selected liberals) howl with laughter. When, some time back, Young Americans for Freedom decided to give Bill Buckley a "celebrity roast," the results were surprising indeed. This tape is a faithful reproduction of the hilarious highlights of that most unusual occasion.

William Rusher, David Keene and Stanton Evans were among the well-known conservatives who showered Buckley with a barrage of outrageous barbs that brought loud guffaws from the large and lively crowd. Mike Wallace (of "60 Minutes" fame) and Allard Lowenstein were also there and chipped in with their best shots, giving you a good idea of the cumulative effect Buckley has had on liberals through the years (yet it all adds up to a kind of wry tribute). And Henry Kissinger in person completed the basting with some acidly "diplomatic" digs. Buckley's reply to all this is masterful—he ends up roasting the roasters—and you have to hear it to believe it.

Tapes of the Buckley Roast have never been easy to come by, but now, for as long as they last, we are making our supply available with a special renewal offer that is also a hedge against any future price rise. You get this high-quality tape (comes in a standard 90 minute cassette) for just 95¢ simply by renewing your subscription to *National Review* for another year *regardless of when it expires*. That way you'll be covered, no matter what happens to the price, and you'll also be the happy owner of a recording that you'll play over and over again yourself (and will certainly want your *friends* to hear!).

So get your copy of this marvelous tape right now. It's first-come, first-served, while our supply lasts. The Buckley Roast carries a price tag of $9.95, and you'd probably pay that much gladly if you could find it in a store (which you *can't*). However, if you fill out and return the handy card opposite this page today you *can* get it for just 95¢ postpaid. That's right: we'll rush the Buckley Roast tape to you and immediately extend your subscription for another full year (26 issues). The price for the subscription is still just $19 (very good value at today's price levels) and the tape is only 95¢. Don't miss the fun you'll get out of this collector's item! Return the card today.

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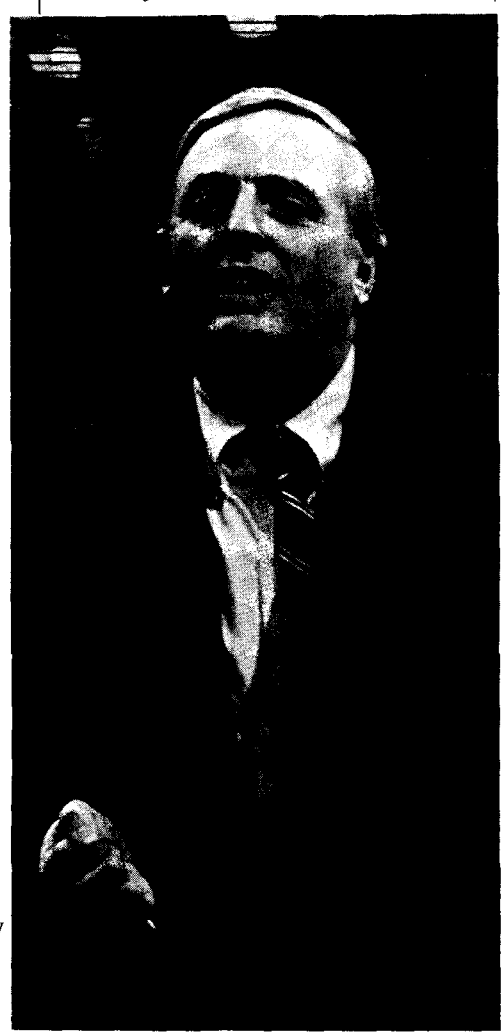

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Arab League meeting in Baghdad, minus Egypt of course, will declare sanctions against Cairo. Sadat is surely target Number One among "rejectionists."

Much of this was expected, but what may be harder to bear will be friction between Israel and Egypt as each phase of the treaty comes up for implementation. Worse still will be contention over the meaning and implementation of autonomy in Gaza and the West Bank, with Begin under pressure from his own right wing and Sadat from the Arab League. In the middle will be the United States. There will be times when we will look back wistfully on the good old days of total but stalemated enmity. A clear stand-off between known quantities has certain advantages.

But one should not look backward too fondly. The old familiar stand-off was a mirage, especially after the 1973 war. Sadat would not have lasted in limbo, Israel would have been increasingly threatened, and the "rejectionists," aided and abetted by the USSR, would have taken the initiative. And the U.S. desperately needed a lever by which to pry itself out of the anomie into which it had slipped after Vietnam. The treaty could be that lever, although this depends on how the Administration responds to the challenge it has created. If the treaty imposes heavy economic, military, and political burdens on us (and it does), it also provides us with the motivation to shoulder them. If Vietnam left us yawing in swelling seas without power (and it did), the Israeli-Egyptian treaty provides us with a course and the need to get moving. Moreover, if our failure in Vietnam was partly the result of an impossibly wide straddle between foreign and domestic requirements (and it was), the Middle East challenge, based on an Israeli-Egyptian detente, will closely couple domestic and foreign politics.

Already, we have the first essential of a sound strategy: Saudi Arabia's willingness to continue bankrolling Egypt. We are providing military equipment to the Saudis amid clear hints of a willingness to use force if necessary in defense of the oil and the friendly regimes of the Persian Gulf. By supplying equipment to North Yemen (financed by the Saudis) and sending a naval force to the Indian Ocean (perhaps to become a permanent Indian Ocean Fifth Fleet?), we are drawing a line against further Soviet expansion in the area. Perhaps the new urgency will also cast more light on the importance of Somalia, bordering on the Arabian Sea, and Soviet client Ethiopia. All this is consistent with John Foster Dulles' theory of world politics as a "challenge and response" sequence. In the Middle East treaty we have created a challenge with a built-in kick-in-the-pants to make us meet it rather than doing it by halves as we tragically tried to do in Vietnam.

Finally, when the SALT treaty comes to the Senate, the Administration should be prepared to argue it in the context of strategic plans, including requirements imposed by the Middle East and by Soviet behavior, and including plans for U.S. armed forces, an advanced bomber, the cruise missile, the neutron bomb, and Trident, all *followed* by an elucidation of the role of SALT II in advancing that strategy. The Senate should be prepared to draw the Administration out before giving its consent to the SALT treaty. SALT should fit within our strategy, not the strategy within SALT.

If all this seems far afield from the Israeli-Egyptian treaty, that is the measure of how far afield we have strayed from a real world strategy in recent years. But it is only in this context that we can rise to the challenge President Carter has put to us by sponsoring the Israeli-Egyptian treaty. If that treaty goads us into recovering our sense of world realities, it will be worth the cost of meeting the challenge. President Carter has bought us, not peace, but another chance.

"Now, about Jerusalem . . ."

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Reagan v. Connally?

Ronald Reagan now so confident of winning the epublican nomination that his aides feel that it may be ctically expedient to build up John Connally? That's ıe theory. Top Reagan manager Senator Paul Laxalt ›metimes sounds like a Connally supporter.

He recently said, for example, that Connally could ell go all the way and avowed his "grudging admira- on" for the Texan. He praised Connally's "personal ıagnetism" and speaking ability, and predicted that Rea- ın may be "one on one" with Connally "by around this me" next year. He even gave it as his opinion that onnally would make a "tremendous President," and aid that Connally and Reagan differ little on the issues.

Pretty heady stuff. If Reagan does have the nomina- on sewn up, it might make Machiavellian sense to try › build Connally up as a formidable opponent, and then ain maximum political credit for rolling over him in the arly primaries. The trouble with that scenario is that in multi-candidate field, such an early knock-out will be ifficult to achieve. Moreover, Connally is not this year's quivalent of George Romney, who, by self-destructing ı New Hampshire well before the 1968 primary, proved hat Nixon was not "a loser."

A second possibility is that the Reagan camp may be xperiencing a dangerous season of overconfidence. In 976, the Reagan campaign in New Hampshire proved › be fatally overconfident, going so far as to turn off he telephone banks hours before the voting. Such ›verconfidence may well have cost Reagan New Hamp- hire, and with it Florida, and with them the nomination.

Finally, Paul Laxalt is an amiable man, universally iked across the political spectrum. He may have had no actical intention at all. Connally has shot up in the polls, naking a good impression in the Midwest and on an arly swing through New Hampshire. If you're facing a ormidable opponent, it might be just as well to say so —and prepare everyone, including the media, for a ough battle.

Statehood for the New Class?

Among the constitutional amendments currently floating around, one appears to have died a-borning: the one that would give the District of Columbia two senators and full representation in the House. Only five states have ratified the proposal, while eight have rejected it. There is little visible enthusiasm among the remaining 37 states, many of whom would probably prefer to give the District to Panama.

"The conservative causes are really coming out of the woodwork on this, and we're finding out quickly that they're well-organized and well-funded," concedes Melanie Woolston of the D.C. Ratification Committee. "Compared to ERA, which sailed through 25 or thirty states before it ran into trouble, we've hit our wall right away." A popular theory among the amendment's advocates is that the opposition is racist. That is the familiar self-serving accusation of liberals who don't get their way, but it hardly accounts for the facts.

Washington is a city of extraordinary wealth. The amendment, which would mean two new senators from the District, really proposes a kind of symbolic political promotion of the New Class, the legitimation of public servants as an autonomous interest group. They are already over-represented in the Congress.

Liars Figure

A "catastrophe," according to Fred Kahn; "profit-gouging," according to George Meany. The problem is that fourth-quarter profits looked good. And since gains in production and employment are directly dependent on profitability, these gentlemen are apparently hoping for economic stagnation and rising unemployment.

Profits by any measure declined in the third quarter, so to translate the apparent 9.7 per cent fourth-quarter rise into a 44.8 per cent compounded annual rate, as the press did, was rather unreasonable. But even that 9.7 per cent rise is pure illusion. Inflation grossly exaggerates profit figures by understating the inflated cost of replacing inventories and equipment. The government's own inadequate adjustments for such distortions reduce fourth-quarter profits by $48.3 billion, resulting in only a 3.5 per cent gain.

Then there is the matter of taxes. Corporate income taxes were up by an annual rate of $8.3 billion in the fourth quarter, 27.9 per cent higher than a year before. Together with the adjustments for inventory profit and inadequate depreciation allowances, after-tax profits rose 11 per cent between the fourth quarters of 1977 and 1978 (not the 26.4 per cent increase reported), and only 4.6 per cent between the last two years as a whole (not 16.2 per cent).

What matters, of course, is never the percentage increase in profits, but the level of profits as a percentage of invested capital, equity, and sales. By any of these measures, profits have been strikingly weak for more than a decade and remain so today. With a boomy 12.4 per cent rise in national income between 1977 and 1978, there was bound to be enough increase in sales volume to provide an increase in the volume of profits—even though profit margins probably declined.

For non-manufacturing corporations, properly measured after-tax profits were 5 per cent of their gross product in 1977, 4.6 per cent in 1978. Since total profits are the result of both sales volume and profit per unit sold, Mr. Meany's suggestion that the alleged surge in profits

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indicated that prices were rising faster than labor costs is simply wrong. Labor costs rose 9.2 per cent between the fourth quarters of 1977 and 1978, while the comparable price index rose 8.5 per cent. That combination has always led in the past to cost-cutting layoffs and to recession. If Messrs. Meany and Kahn had their way, using guidelines or controls to tighten the cost-tax squeeze on profit margins, they might well turn a recession into a real crisis.

South Africa: Campus Spring

Columbia and Harvard Universities have bowed to vocal student and faculty pressure and withdrawn some of their endowment investments from banks which make loans to South Africa. Unlike the ten or so other universities to have taken divestiture steps, however, the two Ivy League schools have withdrawn only from those corporations which have direct dealings with the South African government; they will not, at least not yet, divest completely.

Their decision nevertheless represents a wrong tendency. The best choice—for black South Africans and for Western interests alike—is to support American corporations and American investment in South Africa. The blacks themselves want us there. Black leaders estimate, for example, that a poll of urban South African blacks would find 75 per cent opposed to the withdrawal of U.S. companies. *Fortune* magazine quotes a black union organizer from Port Elizabeth: "It's all very well for people to urge disinvestment who sit in safe comfort in some nice office 8,000 miles away. But if the American auto plants here closed down, I'd have thousands of men looking for work and literally wondering where the next meal came from."

In many cases, the training programs provided by multinationals may be the only source of education for blacks. Black workers are paid well (the lowest-paying U.S. corporation, Firestone, still pays its lowest-paid blacks a wage that is 105 per cent of the Household Subsistence Level established by the South African government). From 1970 to 1975 the household income of blacks in the Johannesburg area rose 118 per cent, compared with 50 per cent for white households. Between 1975 and 1980 national black per capita income is expected to rise 29.5 per cent, as against 7.3 per cent for whites. American corporations have been largely responsible for these improvements.

U.S. multinationals have also adopted the six Sullivan principles (named after General Motors board member and minister, Dr. Leon Sullivan), which pledge them to nonsegregation in the work-place, equal pay and opportunity, extensive training programs for blacks, and the improvement of workers' lives outside the work-place in housing, education, health, and recreation. Blacks in 1978 made up 5.5 per cent of Ford Motor's supervisors a figure expected to rise to 10 per cent by 1980.

A pull-out by U.S. corporations would only creat gaps to be filled by Japanese and European companies Polaroid Corporation, for example, was lustily applaude for ceasing its South African production of camera equip ment used to make the hated passbooks, which must b carried by all blacks. The passbooks are still made, how ever, and whatever humanizing influence Polaroid ha among its employees ceased with its departure.

Finally, there is the predictable double standard The universities which protest investment in Soutl Africa—and especially the student agitators—star blindly at investment in the Soviet Union; and the applaud sales of *anything* to China. As for loans directly to governments, it is estimated that the Soviets and East ern Europe collectively owe Western multinationals $5 billion. The Harvard Governing Board justifies its uniqu treatment of South Africa this way: "A government con trolled by two million whites uses a variety of sophisticated methods to monitor and control the lives and activities of more than twenty million nonwhite persons, who are barred from voting or owning land except in designated areas of the country. Government officials can and do determine the employment and place of residence of the nonwhite majority. They can and do resettle thousands of Africans by administrative decree. . . ." Substitute Communist Party members for whites and non Communists for nonwhites in that paragraph and you have a (generous) capsule description of the Soviet Union, minus a few prison camps—and an insight into the ideological bias which informs those who are urging divestiture from U.S. corporations operating in South Africa.

Now It Can Be Said

Truth is discovered by philosophers, poets, and scientists, but it is spread through the land only when it becomes stylistically acceptable. The economic theories and policies of the Austrian and Chicago schools have been with us for generations. They have not undergone any radical change in recent months. Yet suddenly it has become possible to speak of them in polite society.

The Joint Economic Committee of Congress, for example, only a month ago filed its first unanimous report on the President's Economic Report since its founding. The JEC, moreover, comes down foursquare for policies that haven't been part of governmental discourse since Grover Cleveland: opposing wage and price controls; stimulating production rather than demand; cutting government spending; cutting taxes; reducing governmental regulation. Much credit should go to the JEC chairman, Senator Lloyd M. Bentsen of Texas, a conservative Democrat.

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Once More, with Feeling

Like the layered onion,
  Peanutgate gets skinned,
Leaving tears and short car ers
  Where officials sinned.
Whether Jimmy Carter
  Flees in disarray,
The debris must surely be
  Making Nixon's day.

W. H. VON DREELE

Now the word is passing from drum o drum in the gle. The April 2 issue of *Time* carries a major Essay our economic situation and, leaning noticeably on the ort from the JEC, comes up with a string of cogent posals: remove the ceiling on savings-bank interest es; remove the tax on savings interest reduce or end double taxation of dividends; limit the growth of leral spending to the rate of growth of the economy ith a penalty on government when inflation exceeds per cent); reduce federal grants to the tates; stop try- to control oil prices; in general, desig federal budg- that suit the needs of the taxpayers as a class, rather n budgets that are no more than the otal claims of special-interest groups.

It's exciting, and somewhat mysterious, to see an idea ke its breakthrough. National news media and con- essional committees now utter statemen s that brought wls of laughter and the cry of "simplistic" when Barry ldwater uttered them during his campaign in 1964. is isn't the place to investigate the ancient mystery of e acorn and the oak. It's enough, for now, to be de- utly grateful that an idea is taking oot which, if urished, may give this country a wonderful rebirth of erty and vigor.

hatcher

ae fall of the Labor government in England opens the ay to an enormous opportunity for that nation and for e West. Conservative leader Margaret Thatcher is ugh, principled, and very well informed on economics. e and her party now lead by more than 13 points in e polls, and she will become Prime Minister with a ational consensus behind her to the effect that the Brit- h economy must be made to work once again. Mrs. hatcher also has a sense of history. She knows that Eng- nd has led the way into capitalism, then into the wel- re state; she believes that England must now lead the ay into the post-socialist period, in which productivity nce again becomes a matter of high priority.

No one, in England or elsewhere, hates Jim Callaghan; but he is a quintessentially old-fashioned politician. He inherited a wreckage from Harold Wilson, and he de-devoted his considerable talents and charm to keeping things running in the old way.

The American media have not conveyed any sense of the year-long decay of Callaghan's political situation. Perhaps one must spend an extended period in London to appreciate the steady drum, roll of disaster in the head-lines.

One morning, it's a high-level scandal over government connivance in violating Rhodesian sanctions: most news-paper readers would just as soon violate the sanctions, but they do not like to be kidded. Next, the headlines reveal that the RAF has been allowed to fall disas-trously below stated strength, and the Prime Minister desperately orders (old) American planes. A KGB chief, described straight-facedly as a Soviet "labor leader," at-tends a major Labor Party function. Labor Party leaders visit East Germany. Lengthy wildcat strikes, huge wage demands, cancer patients unable to get into the hospital, and trains ceasing to run. A truckers' strike brings panic in the supermarket. A British ambassador is murdered, and Scotland and Wales reject autonomy but the Labor government presses for devolution anyway. Tony Benn makes a speech that sounds like a translation of Lenin, while Princess Margaret and Prince Charles season the dish by making fools of themselves in public. T. S. Eliot captured the mood in a poem written early in the cen-tury:

You will see me any morning in the park
Reading the comics and the sporting page.
Particularly I remark
An English countess goes upon the stage.
A Greek is murdered at a Polish dance.
Another bank defaulter has confessed.

That's not political, exactly, but it matches the mood of the news in London for the past year: absurdist, out of control. If Margaret Thatcher comes to power with a large enough majority, she has a fighting chance to make a new beginning for England, a new beginning for more than England.

Turning a Corner in Iran

"Khomeini thought the Revolutionary Council was in charge and he didn't want to interfere. The Revolutionary Council thought the Government was in charge, and the Government thought [the executions] all had Khomeini's approval." In these remarkable words, the Director of Iranian State Radio and Television, Sadegh Ghotbzadeh publicly explained how the bloody storm of revolutionary retribution got out of control, executing 64 former offi-cials in the middle of the night. Although this surprising admission may sound like a cross between the Keystone

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Cops and Robespierre's Reign of Terror, it should be taken seriously as a rather refreshing admission of error and the turning of an important corner. Those with some experience of Iranian political upheavals will not find it incredible. "No one was paying attention. . . . No one gave a damn about a few executions here and there. . . . The government was collapsing and we were trying to get control before it went over the brink." Thus spake Ghotbzadeh.

But that is all changing now. The retribution has not ended, but there are clear signs that a peak has been passed; and, in the process, Prime Minister Bazargan, himself a former President of the Iranian Association for the Rights of Man, has demonstrated his increasing ability to stand up to the extreme revolutionary committee which sprang up in the early days of Khomeini's holy wrath. A Red Cross representative and the incumbent president of the Rights of Man association have been allowed to visit the Qasr political prison, and they estimate that somewhat over a thousand prisoners are being held. Although Khomeini refused Bazargan's proposal of a March 21 New Year amnesty of offenders, it appears that even he is beginning to sense the need for defining a foreseeable end.

And none too soon, for a confrontation is surely on the way with the left-wing political elements which desire to use the Islamic revolution as a launching pad for a new effort to seize power. The government is working to reconstitute the regular army, and at the same time both political and religious committees are training and arming units which might serve as rivals to the army. One thing is certain—that the forces of political moderation and religious dedication need to establish a broad entente that will enable them to meet this challenge.

Teng Hsiao-ping Trail?

After the much-advertised invasion of Vietnam, China casts in northern Laos a different sort of shadow, which, though less spectacular, could in the long run figure significantly as a projection of Chinese influence into Southeast Asia. What is actually happening on the ground at the moment is not clear, but Laotian officials have complained about Chinese forces north of the old capital, Luang Prabang. And there have been reports, probably planted, of Laotian soldiers volunteering to fight the Chinese. The background for this lies in an old Laotian agreement to let China construct a road running south from the border and joining another running eastward across the northernmost province of Laos, Phong Saly, dominated even then by a pro-Chinese wing of the Communist Pathet Lao. The construction, in difficult country, has proceeded intermittently, utilizing Chinese construction battalions. It has long been assumed that the Chinese sought to maintain a position in this remote province in order to limit the expansion of Vietnam influence into Laos.

In the present context, the reactivation of a Chin role in northern Laos acquires new significance. Offic spokesmen of the Vietnamese-sponsored government Vientiane have tacitly acknowledged that Lao forc have participated in Vietnam's satellization of Cambod a Chinese protégé. It is a long way from northern La to Cambodia, but, if Hanoi could run a Ho Chi Mi Trail through Laos to infiltrate South Vietnam, it seen likely that a clandestine Teng Hsiao-ping Trail could l developed from China to Cambodia for use against t Vietnamese. Poetic justice, too. The terrain is difficu but there are factions in Laos who could use the Chine as an offset to the Vietnamese, starting with some of o former fighting Meo allies in the north, who, since tl departure of the United States, have been waging slowly losing struggle against Vietnamese suppression.

Don't look for anything sudden or spectacular. La does not lend itself to clear-cut drama. But as long China seeks to support an anti-Vietnam guerrilla wa in Cambodia, Laos cannot but be tempting to Peking a possible corridor to its beleaguered protégé.

Eloquence

What Webster used in dulcet tones
Before the age of microphones;
What Bryan practiced as he rolled
His tongue around "a cross of gold";
What Roosevelt and Churchill plied
To undermine the other side
Beguiles our ganglia as we
Observe the crafty Connally.

W. H. VON DREE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I don't ordinarily read your magazine. The other day however, being somewhat depressed and in need of laugh, I picked up a copy at a friend's place and sort o leafed through it. It was then that I came across th article from your expert in Latin America about Nica ragua. As these things go, the article dutifully went. S no surprise there. At one point, though, your expert re fers to the supporters of Somoza as "Somacistas." If th gentleman has ever been in Nicaragua and/or if he know

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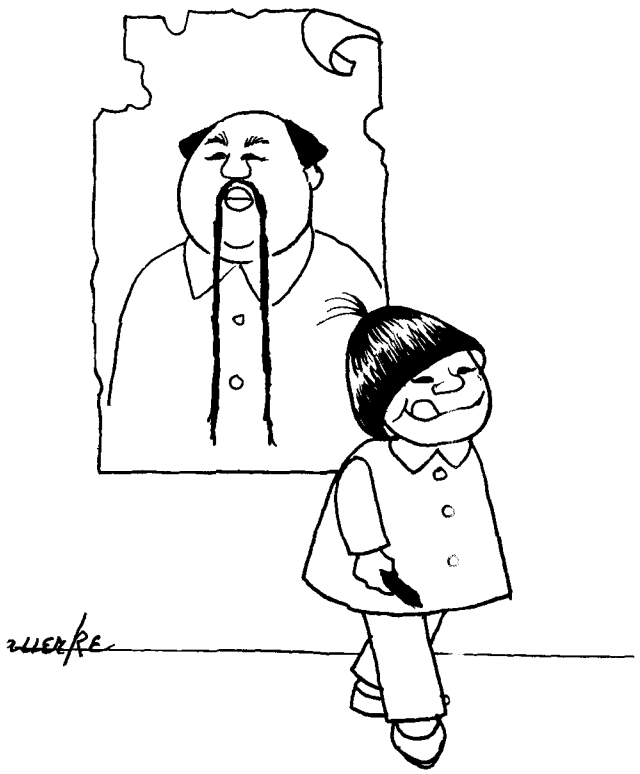

y Spanish at all, he would know that one who sup-
rts Somoza can rightly be called only 'Somocista."

Amusedly yours,
Maury Molina
Corporate Growth Specialists
San Francisco, Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Irvine

ıreful. Leaf through *NR* a couple of times and you get
ıoked. It's happened to more than one Molinista.
ɔrdially, WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley:

In February of 1978, NATIONAL REVIEW published a
:ter from Colonel A. W. Chilton of Las Cruces, New
exico, expressing his regrets that, due to failing eye-
ght, he could no longer enjoy your publication. The
ational Library Service for the Blind and Physically
andicapped (NLS), Library of Congress, has for many
:ars provided reading materials in braille and recorded
rmats to those who, because of visual or physical limi-
tions, are unable to read items in regular printed for-
ats. As you know, NATIONAL REVIEW has been pro-
ıced on recorded disc through this service since
ınuary 1970. These materials, and the playback equip-
ıent necessary to use them, are provided free of charge
y the Library of Congress through a nationwide net-
ork of cooperating state and local libraries and are sent
ɔstage-free through the U.S. mail to eligible users.

Knowing that NATIONAL REVIEW wishes to serve its
:aders, I thought you would want to be reminded that
our publication is available in recorded form for blind and handicapped readers. For further information, readers should contact NLS to obtain the name and address of their local cooperating library. We would appreciate any opportunity you might have to publicize this service in your magazine. I am also happy to tell you that Colonel Chilton has been served through the New Mexico State Library for the Blind and Physically Handicapped in Santa Fe since March 1978. Sincerely,

Mary B. Levering
Assistant Chief for Network Development
National Library Service for the Blind and
Physically Handicapped
The Library of Congress
1291 Taylor Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20542

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your journal abuses the established syntax of illiterate expression and composition ("For the Record," February 16, 1979). You put it: "There ain't a horse that can't be rode and a rider that can't be throwed."

If you say this over and over out loud a few times, you will see a couple of things that are wrong. First, the meter, the rhythm, is all wrong. Second, logic requires that *and* to be an *or*. (Illiterate expression does have rules of logic, and generally adheres to them.)

This is the way that quote should go: "There ain't no horse that can't be rode, and there ain't no rider that can't be throwed."

The multiple negative is well imbedded in the folk speech of every language, used as an intensive, to make the negative even more negative. Indeed, the literate, educated speech and writing of French routinely uses a double negative for almost every negative, and sometimes even more multiply. (Ne . . . pas. Ne rien pas.)

W. M. Woods
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

You are really uptight about the President's decision to recognize Communist China. Good. I hope his decision causes you as much anguish as your decision re the Panama Canal caused me, you old reprobate.

Yours truly,
Francis J. Sullivan
Weslaco, Tex.

Dear Mr. Sullivan: Not quite. The Panama treaties give us, according to our sole discretion, the right—translation, duty—to keep the Canal open. Our Commander-in-Chief acknowledges that Taiwan is part of Mainland China, from which it would appear to follow that we have no business, let alone duty, to stand in the way of reincorporation. Please postpone your anguish until midnight, December 31, 1999, which is the earliest they can take the Canal from us. Cordially, —WFB

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NATO's German Problem

The Protracted Confli

BRIAN CROZI

THE GERMAN problem, still unresolved, lies at the center of the East-West problem as a whole. It is equally central to international security as a whole. I shall try, in this column, to relate these factors and to explain the significance, for the United States and its allies, of some disquieting current developments in German domestic affairs.

On the surface, all is well, or looks it. Chancellor Schmidt is a committed NATO man and Atlanticist, and in the recent defense debate in the Bundestag (on March 9) he said reassuring things about SALT II and the security of Europe.

And yet, below the surface, the situation is far from reassuring. Inside the ruling Social Democratic Party (SPD) there is a growing malaise that could, if unchecked, destroy the Western Alliance, and with it the security of the United States. For Germans (and not only Germans) there are two basic approaches to the Soviet threat: you can stand up to it (which is what NATO is all about), or you can try to appease the Soviets and, in time, reach an accommodation with them. The present grounds for concern lie in the increasing influence of the appeasers in the SPD—especially Egon Bahr, the party's secretary-general, and Herbert Wehner, who leads the party in the Bundestag. All the signs are that the Federal Chancellor is more swayed by the views of the Bahr-Wehner faction than he lets on in public.

There has been a dramatic change in the prevailing climate in West Germany since the passing of Konrad Adenauer 12 years ago. And so indeed has the climate changed in the rest of Western Europe and in the U.S.A. During Adenauer's long years in office (from 1949 till 1963), the irresistible force of the Soviet bloc was up against the immovable object of the Old Man's will. There could be no question of recognition of East Germany, still less of the Oder-Neisse line imposed by Stalin as West Germany's eastern boundary, so long as he was around.

It was Willy Brandt who, as Chancellor from 1969 to 1974, changed all that, with his *Ostpolitik*. In return for minimal concessions on access to West Berlin and on visits between members of families divided by the facts of ideological geography, Brandt made major concessions to Moscow and its allies. He recognized the borders of East Germany and Poland; and he recognized the East German regime as well. Moreover, he opened the Federal Republic wide to espionage and subversion from the East by allowing the East Germans to set up a trade mission in West Berlin and a general mission in Bonn, and the Soviets to set up a consulate-general in West Berlin.

But *Ostpolitik* brought German reunification no nearer—except in the sense that if the two Germanies are ever to be reunited, each passing day brings the prospect closer. In particular, the most hated symbol of the ideological divide—the Berlin Wall—not only stayed where it was, but was strengthened with the addition of lethal electronic devices to make sure that those rash enough to seek freedom would not live to celebrate the attempt.

Traumatized by the Wall

Although out of power and, temporarily at least, discredited by the unmasking of a spy in his own office, Brandt remains today a powerful influence. As Chairman of the Socialist International, he was host to Boris Ponomarev, the "grand master" of Soviet subversion the world over, at a disarmament conference in Helsinki two years ago, and he has done much to propagate the view that the Italian Communist Party has become an acceptable partner for Social Democrats everywhere.

The point is that Egon Bahr owes his rapid rise in the SPD to Brandt's patronage, and that Brandt fully supports the ideas of Bahr and Wehner on German reunification.

What, then, are these ideas? To understand them, one has to look back to that night in August 1961 when the infamous Berlin Wall was built. The building of the Wall is said to have traumatized Bahr. Understandably. But the fundamental lesson he drew fr the fact that the Alliance did noth to stop the building of the Wall that it was henceforth going to be l less to look to the U.S. or NATO bring the two halves of Germany gether. The key to reunification lay Moscow, not Washington.

Egon Bahr is reported (reliably, I lieve) to have put forth a plan, in M cow last year, involving the neut ization of Germany and some ot Western countries, the withdrawal the Federal Republic, and the excha of America's protection for a So territorial guarantee against invasi In these new circumstances, the t Germanies could gradually reunite wi out threatening Soviet security.

Meeting in the Midc

Although neither Bahr nor Weh actually determines West German f eign policy, the Soviet leaders liked sound of Egon Bahr's ideas enormous So much that they sent their top exp on Germany, Vladimir Semyonov, their new ambassador to Bonn, wh showering the West German ambass dor in Moscow, H. G. Wieck, w flattering attentions. Latterly, Semyon has been advocating bi-lateral Wes East German talks on "military que tions," mutual force reduction, a (more interestingly) a "general soci democratization" of the two Germani Essentially, this is what Wehner h been advocating: a freer East Germa and a more "socialist" West Germa would, as it were, meet in the middle.

Now let us go back to our staun Atlanticist, the Federal Chancellor. the recent summit meeting in Guad loupe, Schmidt strongly pressed f Allied forbearance toward the Sovi Union. Nothing, he argued, should l done to provoke the Soviets.

There is a word for that, in Englis It is called "appeasement"; and it le straight to a world war when applie to Adolf Hitler in the 1930s. Toda when a West German talks that wa there is another word for it: "self-Fi landization." Aesthetically as well politically, it is a nasty coinage.

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Canadian Medicare: Rx For U.S.A.?

STUART M. MacLEOD DONALD COXE

When the annual Governors Conference met in Boston last August, there were fears that holding the gathering at the site of America's most famous taxpayers' revolt might cast a chill on the proceedings, so soon after Proposition 13. The concern proved groundless: the hot topic on the agenda was a proposal to *expand* government spending in quantum leaps.

Senator Kennedy used this hometown forum to present an emotional plea for national health insurance. He attacked President Carter for reneging on his pledge to introduce legislation providing for universal coverage. "Denying national health insurance on fiscal grounds is denying human rights," he asserted. He went on to demonstrate the fiscal viability of Medicare, using Canada's experience as his main evidence. Backing Kennedy was a guest, Saskatchewan's socialist premier, Allan Blakeney. He assured the governors that Canada's system of government-run medical care works splendidly. In endorsing Kennedy's remarks, Blakeney somewhat smugly noted that the Senator's speech "would have been appropriate in Canada about 17 or 18 years ago."

Although Blakeney's testimony was pretty obviously *partisan*, it may have been validated in the governors' eyes by Kennedy's insistence that he has seen the future and it works. As Kennedy told the group, he took a fact-finding trip to Canada in 1976 to assess Medicare. As a guest of the Department of National Health and Welfare, he certainly heard what he wanted to hear. Ottawa showed him statistics comparing health care in Canada to health care in the U.S. according to which Canada is ahead in four key areas—percentage of population covered by health insurance, and hospital beds, doctors, and nurses per 100,000 of population—while spending considerably less than the U.S. for health care.

Kennedy assured the Governors Conference that Medicare is a political success as well: he cited a poll showing that 84 per cent of Canadians approved of their health-care system, rating it higher than any other government program. Nor did Kennedy stop touting the Canadian system after the governors disbanded and returned to their several states. In December, he toured Chicago, Denver, and several other American cities with pairs of witnesses, American and Canadian, testifying to their experiences with the medical establishment. "The witnesses that the Massachusetts Democrat brought down from Canada," the *New York Times* noted, "were uniformly upbeat as they told how well they had been treated."

Thus Canadian Medicare is being portrayed as that governmental rarity—a program which is successful according to all three important criteria: quality of service, cost of service, and political acceptability. However, before Americans embark on universal Medicare, led on by these enthusiastic assessments, they should consider three claims in more detail.

There is no gainsaying the widespread political support for state medicine here in Canada. Even a poll commissioned by the Ontario Medical Association five years ago showed that 91 per cent of the populace considered the program "a very good thing." Public support is fortified by the average Canadian's impression of American medicine. Nearly all Canadians watch U.S. television, and they see frightening portrayals of the high cost of treatment for illness or accident in the States. Most Canadians also travel in the States, and either have had first-hand experience with the costs of health care in the U.S., or have heard horror stories about other Canadians breaking a leg skiing, say, and being charged several thousand dollars for a day in hospital. Thus most Canadians are quite certain that our system is both better and cheaper than the American system.

This cost comparison, however, is based on the *apparent* cost of Medicare here; the real cost is largely hidden from the voters. The federal government, under Liberal Prime Minister Lester Pearson, pushed the unwilling majority of the provinces into state medicine by guaranteeing that it would pay half the bill. Meanwhile, the provinces obscure the cost even further by paying their shares either wholly from general tax revenues or from a combination of taxes and special Medicare "premiums." Ontario, for example, charges $44 a month per family; oil-rich Alberta, $14.10; and British Columbia, $18.75. Five of the provinces charge no "premiums" at all.

What are the real costs, then? Vastly more than voters

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realize. Although Ontario levies the highest premium of any province, even that figure is less than one-quarter of the money needed. Yet when Ontario Treasurer Darcy McKeough tried to institute a modest increase in the premiums, his Tory government nearly fell, and he had to back down. (McKeough, regarded as the savviest finance minister in Canada, quit politics soon after.)

Medicare may soon have to bare all, however, because the federal government has announced that it no longer intends to pick up its 50 per cent share of the tab. When Ottawa backs out, voters will have to face the real costs of the program directly, and they may be less sure they have a bargain.

If the average layman thinks Medicare is marvelous, the average doctor considers it, at best, a mixed blessing. Doctors are keenly aware that most of the savings in Canadian health care have come from controlling their incomes. Ontario statistics show that in the decade prior to Medicare, doctors had the biggest income growth of any profession. Since then, politicians have put the lid on. Result: Physicians' net incomes have fallen by 41.5 per cent relative to the Consumer Price Index, and 53.8 per cent relative to the average of wages and salaries in Canada. A survey in the *Toronto Star* of fees charged for house calls—in which doctors were compared to non-regulated groups like TV repairmen—confirmed that doctors' fees have not kept up with tradesmen's. Dentists are outside the plan, and they have become the elite income group: a spokesman for the Ontario Dental Association said that dentists, having seen what Medicare has done to doctors, are no longer interested in discussing "Denticare."

Nevertheless, despite the debilitating controls on doctors' incomes, overall Medicare costs have run amok. Hospital operating costs jumped 78 per cent in Ontario from 1972 to 1976. Reason: The government extended the strike right to nurses and hospital workers. This newfound privilege led to annual wage boosts in the 30 per cent range.

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"Inflation, separatism, unemployment, and now Margaret Trudeau."

Thus, each year provincial legislators face huge increases in health budgets, and doctors make useful scapegoats. Although doctors' fees consume less than 25 per cent of Medicare costs, they are the annual focus of demagogic publicity from the self-styled protectors of consumers.

The result is a swelling exodus of doctors to the United States. "We're delighted to have them," said James Longley, then Governor of Maine, at the Boston Governors Conference; "they're helping the rural health problems in our state." In 1977, the number of emigrants rose 300 per cent; over the past four years, the number of undergraduate medical students sitting for U.S. National Medical Board exams at the University of Toronto has increased 600 per cent. The flow of doctors leaving threatens, ironically, to cancel the benefits of another flow pattern—i.e., the thousands of doctors who have come to Canada to escape socialized medicine in Britain.

American admirers lay such stress on the apparently modest cost of Canadian Medicare that some comment on the well-publicized comparisons of Canadian and American health costs as a percentage of GNP is warranted. The Executive Director of the Washington-based Committee for National Health Insurance wrote last year:

> In Canada, national health insurance has controlled health costs to 7 per cent of GNP without impairment of quality. In the U.S. we are at 9 per cent of GNP and climbing fast. No country spends as much of GNP as we do for health care. National health insurance has reduced waste and duplication in Canada and could do the same in this country with a resultant saving of $20 billion annually within five years, according to the Congressional Budget Office.

Before Americans conclude that state medicine is the 7 per cent solution to their problem, they should understand the qualifications to the data.

First, that 7 per cent figure is taken from Canada's experience in the earlier years of Medicare, while the 9 per cent figure is a slight exaggeration of recent American experience.

Second, Canada has virtually eliminated patent protection on prescription drugs, so Canadians pay less for pharmaceuticals than Americans. This has produced a short-run reduction in health costs, but a long-run reduction in Canadian research. In effect, Americans are subsidizing Canadians.

Third, Canada and the U.S. have sharply different procedures in tort lawsuits. The U.S. is virtually the only common-law jurisdiction in the world where plaintiffs' lawyers can become partners in a damage award on a contingent-fee basis. That makes millionaires of certain lawyers, and makes malpractice suits a big contributor to American health costs.

Whereas huge damage awards against doctors are routine in the U.S., they are a rarity here. In 1976 the Canadian Medical Protective Association (the doctors' cooperative) settled 287 suits: only seven were court losses for doctors, 64 were settled out of court, and 216 resulted in no payment whatever. Total damages and legal fees paid on behalf of 31,000 doctor-members in 1975-76 were just $2.75 million annually or $89 per doctor. That $2.75-million figure for all lawsuits could well be the damage fees in just one California malpractice case.

The American system of using tort law for punishment and enrichment, rather than *restitutio in integrum*, imposes other burdens on health care in addition to malpractice premiums.

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he volume and extent of litigation forces doctors to practice efensive medicine. That means more extensive testing, longr hospital stays, and extra opinions, less a trial counsel be ble to convince a jury that something *anything*—was left ndone. In contrast, few Canadian courts permit a malpracce suit to be heard before a jury: only judges sit on these ases, and they are unimpressed by pyrotechnics.

The three qualifications cited make comparisons of raw 'anadian/American GNP data suspect. Canadians may spend ess of their gross income on health costs than Americans, but . is doubtful that Americans would realize the kind of savngs enthusiasts allege.

But even if statistical comparisons are of dubious value, here is wide support for the view that Medicare means longun efficiency through reduction of duplication. Thus Premier Blakeney told the Governors Conference, "We are getting our osts more or less contained, and they are certainly lower han yours. The biggest area of cost control has been in the ıospitals." Since the biggest cost explosion has been in hosital operations, Mr. Blakeney certainly misrepresents Caıadian *experience*. Nevertheless, Medicare does offer the *poential* for controlling hospital costs through geographical ationalization. Already there has been a reduction in duplıation, through elimination of redundant maternity and pediıtric facilities, for example. Hospitals no longer buy exotic liagnostic and therapeutic equipment as a matter of prestige.

However, closing unneeded hospitals to effect regional cost avings largely remains planning theory, not actual experince. Although all politicians support rigid control of health osts, they tend to oppose closure of local hospitals vigorousy. And the growing power of hospital workers' unions makes uture efficiency gains problematic.

Meanwhile, has Medicare reduced the quality of Canadians' health care? To date, the answer would have to be no, although certain shifts in the allocation of services have taken place. For example, there is evidence that lower-income groups have benefited greatly from the universal program. However, as a study of Medicare in Quebec (conducted, in part, by McGill University) showed, they have, to some extent, benefited at the expense of the rest of the population: "Utilization of physicians' services by persons in low-income groups increased considerably. Given a relatively fixed supply of services, there was a shift of services from higher-income to lower-income groups."

However, there are various encouraging indices: for example, the number of patients who doctors thought should have come for help sooner fell from 2.6 per cent to 1.8 per cent. Still, many doctors believe that the quality of service has begun to deteriorate, owing to a Darwinian adaptation within the medical profession. Frozen fee schedules mean that only efficient doctors (read: those who see the most patients per day) earn the kind of income doctors used to take for granted. This means a tendency toward production-line speed in doctors' offices. It also makes hospitalization profitable: a stroll down the hall during morning rounds is the most lucrative hour of the day, because it involves so many patient assessments, which are worth more than office calls.

As the real costs of Medicare are exposed, there will be a greater clamor for cost control through systems redesign. However, that is not likely to accomplish much. Medicare has not really been a boondoggle, because it has been essentially a universal insurance system paid through one computer.

In one sense, indeed, it is not apparent that any third-party payment system is preferable to Medicare. Whether the third party is government or a private insurer, the formerly sacred doctor-patient relationship will be subject to external scrutiny based on bureaucratic norms. How long should a patient stay in hospital for an appendectomy? How many hysterectomies should a gynecologist perform? How often should a person have a full physical examination? With any third-party system, some imposition of standards or guidelines is inevitable.

One difference between government and private guidelines, however, is illustrated by a recent experience in Ontario. A group of Medicare computer operators there obtained a list of persons who had been treated for venereal disease, which they then made public. Although there was an outcry against this invasion of privacy, no dismissals resulted. As members of a powerful government union, they got off with mere wrist-slaps. Had employees of a private insurer done the same thing, they would undoubtedly have been fired, and the company would have had to pay damages. Thus, the distinction between the kinds of callousness routinely available to government and those that a private corporation can get away with remains an argument for some dispersion of the payment function.

In the long run, it is questionable whether any third-party system can improve health-care delivery if it is simply grafted onto a fee-for-service system. Thus the kind of diagnostic and treatment programs already being undertaken in the U.S. at Kaiser-Permanente, and other similar programs, may be the real wave of the future. The pressure on Canadian health-care budgets means that innovation here is improbable. A government can hardly fund experimental programs which offer longer-range possibilities of improved health care when it is having trouble paying for conventional methods.

Indeed, Canada's Medicare is crumbling because of internal contradictions. The government made the sale of private insurance to cover doctors' fees illegal, thus initially forcing doctors into the plan. However, the frozen-fee structure of the plan is being thawed by doctors who leave the program entirely and charge patients directly. The government then reimburses the patient according to its fee schedule, which is well below the doctor's rate. Already, about one-fifth of the profession is billing directly, and the dropout percentage is rising quickly. Ontario's health minister was recently embarrassed by publicity to the effect that his own doctor was a dropout. As Ottawa blames the provinces and the provinces struggle to find ways to finance the huge deficits, the situation worsens. Unions are demanding that provincial governments compel doctors to stay in the plan, but provincial health ministers realize that any such attempt would convert an exodus from the plan into an exodus from the country.

Thus, Canadian Medicare risks becoming a static system dependent on foreign research and systems breakthroughs, a victim of its own unwillingness to level with taxpayers about its real costs. Despite its success to date, it should not be naïvely accepted as a model by Americans who want better health care at reasonable cost. If Senator Kennedy continues trying to impose this nostrum on Americans, he should be required to label it: "Shake well before using." □

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Berlinguer into the Breach

RICHARD BROOKHISER

ONE HESITATES—I certainly hesitated—to criticize Dale Vree's reappraisal of Eurocommunism ("Up with Eurocommunism?" Feb. 16), for it implies an obvious political truth—that party names have no magic significance of their own, but take their meaning from the actions of those who use them. New wine can always be put into old skins, so long as no one takes the skins seriously.

Mr. Vree guesses that the Communist parties of Western Europe may be undergoing such a transformation, and he suggests that the Italian Communist Party be allowed to slide gradually into the Italian government as a test case. If the experiment is successful, it will weaken hard-liners in the Kremlin and ideologues at home. "Were Italy to develop an authentically *democratic* socialism . . . there would be a sort of 'Czechoslovakia' in the West—well insulated from Soviet aggression—to strike fear and trembling into the hearts of the autocrats in Eastern Europe . . . [Meanwhile] I wouldn't be surprised to see a lot of the old, rigid ideological categories of cold-war vintage (and beyond) melt away . . . Conservatism, liberalism, and democratic socialism are . . . no longer mutually exclusive options. Given half a chance, Italy may demonstrate that not even Communism need be an exclusive option."

This is quite a project. Mussolini only made the trains run on time; Berlinguer, it seems, will liberate the captive nations and the Republican Party. Mr. Vree's analysis, however, fails to support these hopes.

He begins by exaggerating the break between Moscow and its rowdy children. Vree mentions only the Spanish and Italian Communist parties, which is significant in itself: when discussions of Eurocommunism first sprang up, mush*room-like, three years ago, these two* parties were always included in a trinity with the French. Since then, the French Communists have behaved as treacherously as ever, hewing strictly to the Moscow line in foreign affairs while double-crossing their Socialist allies at home (see "France: Winners & Losers," by James Burnham, April 14, 1978).

Mr. Vree credits the remaining members of the Eurocommunist trio with the un-Soviet belief "that a multi-party system and civil liberties are indispensable to socialism in the West, and that such a system . . . would allow for the possible ouster of a socialist government in free elections." They may believe it; they certainly profess it. But Vree offers no grounds for accepting their word. Their democratic behavior *now* is no proof, as any good Leninist knows: "in a non-revolutionary situation," Lenin wrote in *"Left-Wing" Communism, an Infantile Disorder*, Communists must "be able to champion the interests of the revolution . . . in non-revolutionary bodies, and quite often in downright reactionary bodies" (e.g., parliaments). Their willingness to be voted out of power is frankly conditional: Santiago Carrillo, Secretary General of the Spanish Party, gave the game away on his American tour in 1977 when a reporter asked him whether the recent defeat of the Swedish Social Democrats represented a defeat for socialism. "The social system, the social improvements are still the same," Carrillo replied. "In the next election, it is quite possible the Social Democrats will win again." "Socialism," in other words, will tolerate brief interruptions—as long as everything continues to go its way.

Mr. Vree goes on to exaggerate the benefits of Eurocommunism even if it turns out to be as mild as he thinks it is. Since Italy is "insulated" from direct Soviet meddling, an Italian coalition government would be free to devise a "contagious socialist alternative. . . . Pressure for 'Italianization' in Eastern Europe could [then] become overwhelming." In which case, the Soviets will deal with it as they have dealt with all previous pressures—with tanks. The geographic facts which Vree relies on to protect Venice vanish suddenly from sight when the discussion shifts to Budapest. This is not to say that centrifugal forces in the Soviet bloc are trivial not worth encouraging—they could b come very important if Russian troo were otherwise engaged. But we car expect the Warsaw Pact to dissolve t contagion.

Mr. Vree seems most eager, howeve to apply the lessons of a successf Eurocommunist experiment to us. defanged Communism could join in fusion of conservatism, liberalism, an democratic socialism, which he believ is already taking place. This interestir fusion turns out, on closer inspectio to be part optical illusion and part mi definition. Conservatives, according t Vree, oppose "destruction of the famil the nation, and religion," while libera believe "that competition and individu initiative are virtues." Some people, course, take both positions: in Americ they are usually called conservative Vree imports European categories, in poses them where they are not relevan then demolishes them in order to asse that all categories are "melting." Socia ists, he goes on, quoting Leszek Kola kowski, reject the notion that "all way of profit-making [are] justified." If tha is a Big Bertha aimed at tunnel-visio free-marketeers, it misfires, since the reject the notion as well. Businessme who jump in bed with the governmen often make huge profits—that's wh they do it. Advocates of a free marke are primarily concerned with liberty not balance sheets.

MR. VREE is equally confusing whe he tries to describe the desired fusio in the language of the social demo crats he is analyzing. "Market social ism," "minimal bureaucra[cy]," "decen tralized economic decision-making," al float by, undefined, undefinable. Hi ideal comes into focus only when h uses his own words: "The market plu workers' self-management could hel make a 'workers' state' really look anc feel like a workers' state." Here is a clear image, unblurred by anachronism or neo-Marxist jargon. It looks a bit, in fact, like our old friend the Distributive State: "a society in which the determinant mass of families were owners of capital and land . . . and in which production was regulated by self-governing corporations of small owners" (Hilaire Belloc, *The Servile State*).

If this is what Mr. Vree awaits, *soit*. I doubt if it is what Enrico Berlinguer has in mind. □

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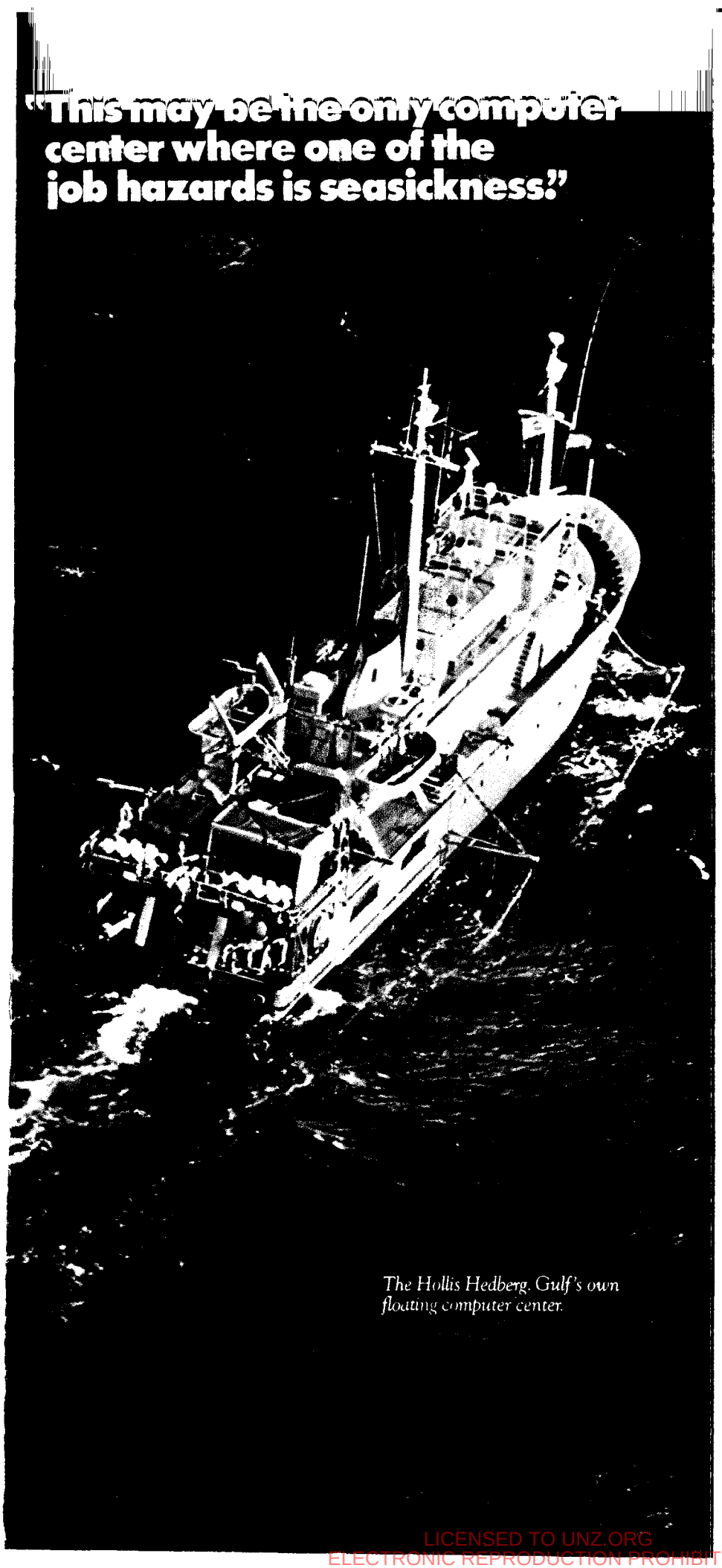

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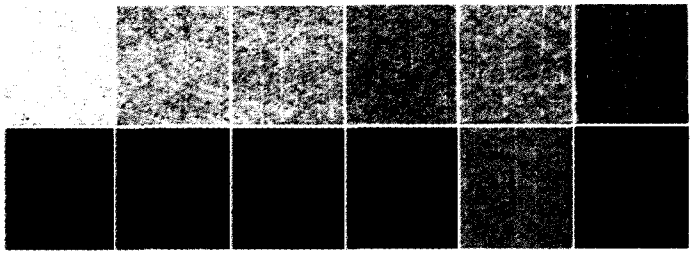

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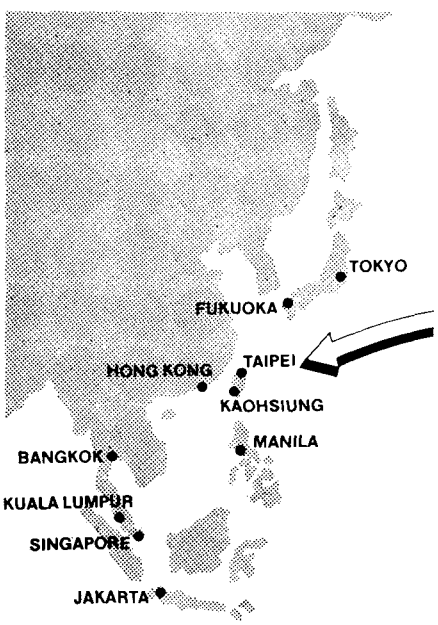

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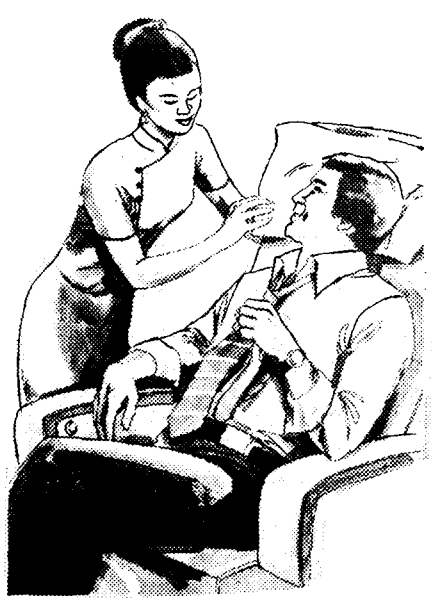

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NO SMOKING

Separate but Equal

CONWAY RUCKS

WASHINGTON, D.C. (AP) -The White House was enshrouded in a dense fog today as hundreds of militant "incorrigible" smokers, styling themselves the American Smokers Movement and led by militant smoker Hack Raspkoff, began their "smoke-in" demonstration against President Jerry Brown's July 15 endorsement of the "separate but equal" doctrine for smokers upheld by the Supreme Court's landmark *Carson* v. *Califano* decision.

Outbursts of violence occurred as the demonstrators clashed with police who had begun to arrest them for illegally leaving their reservation near Fargo, North Dakota, where they had been assigned as incorrigible smokers in 1984. Violence also erupted between the demonstrators and the jeering, taunting onlookers, most of whom were noontime joggers from nearby federal office buildings. The onlookers cheered as the police used water cannons and then German shepherds to disperse the smokers.

In a speech before the demonstrators, Raspkoff strongly denounced the "separate but equal" doctrine as discriminatory and in violation of what he termed the "human rights" of smokers. Raspkoff was also strongly critical of the so-called "Philip Morris" legislation, including the 1980 $55 per pack tax on cigarettes; the 1981 banning of cigarette smoking from all public places (basically all places except the insides of homes owned outright or not financed by members of the Federal Reserve System); the 1982 mandatory sprinkler systems in all new automobiles and the forced sale of all businesses owned by smokers; the 1983 banning of all public display of photographs of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Douglas MacArthur, and Winston Churchill and the elimination of their photographs from school textbooks; and, finally, the 1984 "total segregation" plan devised by Health, Education, and Welfare Secretary Joseph Califano.

In his speech, Raspkoff said, "All we want is the same opportunities afforded other Americans. We want to improve; we want to be a productive part of society . . . but we must have a chance, and integration is the only answer. How can our people learn the ways of the rest of society except by constant exposure to them? Sure, it's true that some non-smokers will have to pay a temporary price, but it is a small price in relation to the total benefit to society: 25 million smokers, now relegated to third-class status, can become productive Americans."

Raspkoff then presented his four-point plan for smokers' rights. The plan called for allowing smokers to leave the reservation and live wherever they choose, and requiring the Federal Government to hire 10 per cent smokers—their percentage of the general population—over the next five years. The hiring of smokers by the Federal Government was banned in 1980.

Raspkoff also proposed that smokers be allowed a five-minute smoke break mornings and afternoons on the rooftops of their office buildings; the smokers would not be paid for the breaks. He stated that these breaks would not hurt government productivity any more than the paid three-and-one-half-hour midday jogging and tennis breaks now allowed the 85 per cent of all federal workers who earn in excess of $85,000 per year.

By far the most controversial point in Raspkoff's speech, however, was his school desegregation plan, which would allow the children of smokers to attend school with the children of non-smokers, instead of the reservation schools they now attend. Non-smokers strongly object to this plan, claiming that their children may learn bad habits from the children of smokers. Many non-smoker parents also object to the odor of smokers' children. In particularly health-oriented areas such as the suburbs of Washington and Boston, and the East Side of Manhattan in New York, teachers have had to spray school desks with Lysol to eliminate the odor after smokers' children had occupied them.

Congressman Tony Randall, leader of the group which originally proposed the tough anti-smoking legislation, labeled Raspkoff's plan "absurd." Randall, who has advocated capital punishment for smoking, said, "These people have demonstrated their inferiority and their inability to participate in the mainstream of American life. If they're so equal, why are they still puffing cigarettes and drinking beer while non-smokers are running ten miles a day? The majority is not about to submit to their [the smokers'] disruptive, divisive tactics, and they will most certainly not allow innocent children to be used as pawns. I am not without a certain sympathy for the plight of smokers, but they must realize that these things take time. They must be patient . . . when they are ready to be accepted into society, they will be accepted."

RASPKOFF was himself denounced as an "Uncle Tom" by Norman ("Bull") Durham, leader of the separatist "Nicotine Panthers" group, who also appeared at the demonstration. The Panthers, clad in black leather jackets with pictures of Humphrey Bogart on the back, were openly chain-smoking contraband "Camel" cigarettes. Washington Tobacco Squad Chief Vicki Carr estimated the total street value of the cigarettes at over half a million dollars.

Tempers flared in the crowd when outspoken comedian Jerry Lewis, demonstrating sympathy for the smokers, kissed a woman who was holding a burning cigarette. A health group had expressed outrage last month when a picture of Lewis kissing another female smoker appeared in *Jogger's News*, the nation's most widely circulated magazine. The offending picture had been taken at Lewis' notorious reception for the Nicotine Panther group in Hollywood last August, and it has since appeared on many billboards urging moviegoers to boycott Lewis' movies in the Washington, New York, Boston, and San Francisco areas.

President Brown, who at the time of the demonstration was signing legislation authorizing free marijuana for post-operative government abortion recipients, was unavailable for comment. □

Mr. Rucks, associate professor of marketing at the University of Arkansas at Little Rock, has been known to smoke a pack a day while hidden in his office.

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Worry Warts

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Hong Kong officialdom inhales.
Malaysia's seers assess the stars.
In Singapore, they fill the bars.
The Filipinos agonize
On what Cambodia implies,
But in Korea, we withdraw,
Since Jimmy says we're in a thaw.

W. H. VON DREELE

"Do you have anything in a tax shelter?"

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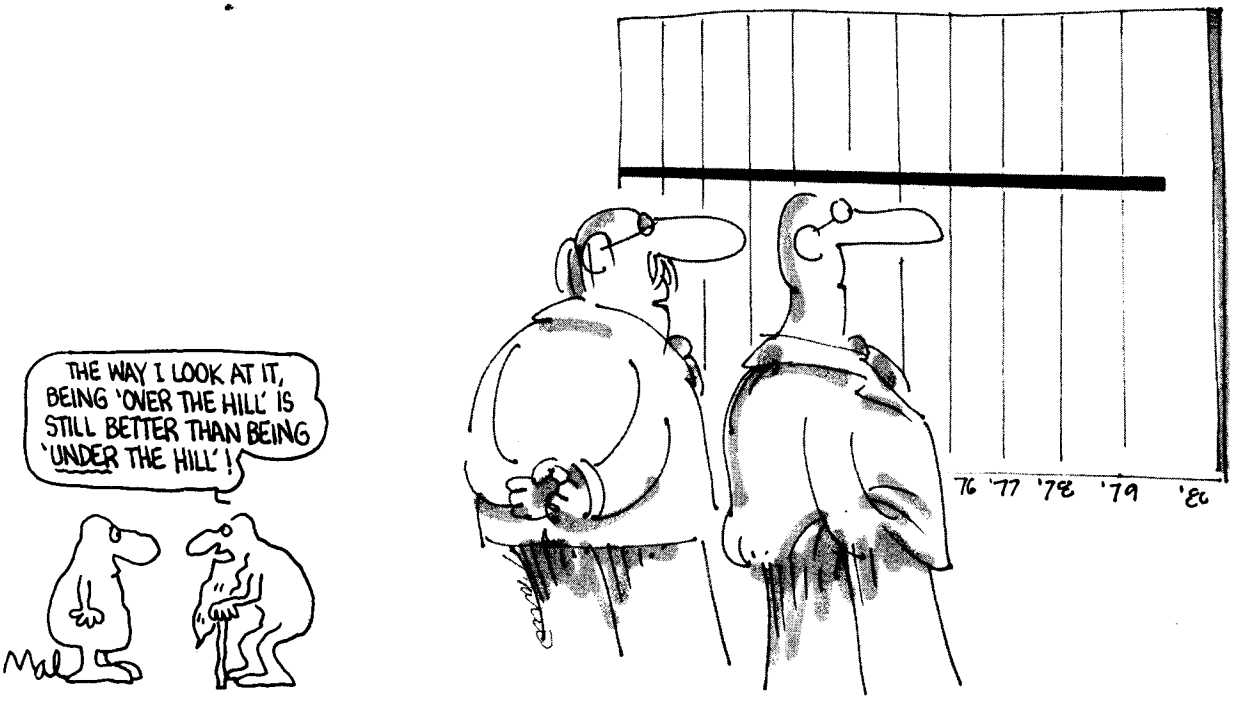

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ELECTION '80

What's Happening To Jimmy Carter's South?

ROSS MACKENZIE

CONSERVATISM and populism both ran strong in the 1978 elections, and that may tell us some interesting things a) about Jimmy Carter, especially in the South, and b) about the Southernization of American politics.

Let us begin with the aftermath. At a Kansas City press conference on November 9, Mr. Carter surveyed the results: "I think the Democrats did fairly well on a nationwide basis. . . . I think there was a general expression around the country of approval for the Democratic Party and its policies."

Yes and no. While it is true that the Democrats retained heavy majorities in both Houses of Congress, Mr. Carter's post-election platitude about support for the policies of the Democratic Party proves to be something less than the whole truth when you contemplate the list of those who are no longer in the Senate. This list includes such notable liberals as Clifford Case, Floyd Haskell, Dick Clark, Thomas McIntyre, Wendell Anderson, and William Hathaway. Conservatives, by contrast, did very well—only in Michigan did a conservative incumbent lose to a liberal. Mr. Carter will miss the liberals this year when voting time rolls around on what he considers to be key questions.

In the 95th Congress, the now-retired liberals cast: eight votes for the Panama Canal treaties, for the extension of the deadline for the Equal Rights Amendment, and for ending the filibuster against the labor bill; seven votes for the Humphrey-Hawkins bill and for confirming the nomination of Paul Warnke as the United States' disarmament chief; and six votes against the B-1 bomber and the Kemp-Roth tax reduction bill. Mr. Carter prevailed on all these votes; his success rate would have been dramatically different if those liberal senators had been retired two years earlier.

Furthermore, practically no candidate for Congress last November ran as an overt liberal. Very few aligned themselves with Mr. Carter, and for those who did, his support was the kiss of death—most strikingly in the Carolinas.

In North Carolina, John Ingram, the state insurance commissioner, sought to replace Republican Senator Jesse Helms. Mr. Carter identified himself with Ingram, partly because of Ingram's born-againism, partly because of Ingram's populism, and partly because Ingram was opposing one of the Senate's most vocal Carter critics. The President visited the state twice on Ingram's behalf. Yet Ingram lost—and this, in a state where Democrats out-register Republicans by a 3-to-1 margin.

Gonna Whip 'Em All

Charles Ravenel of South Carolina is young, dapper, very articulate, and undeniably liberal. Soft-pedaling his liberalism, however, he sought to unseat the indomitable Strom Thurmond. As with Ingram, the Carter effort on behalf of Ravenel went above and beyond the call. Shortly before the election, White House press secretary Jody Powell said publicly that one of the most innovative parts of the President's anti-inflation program was the brainchild of "Pug" Ravenel. And listen to what Thurmond said, near the end of the campaign, about Carter's support of Ravenel: "The President's been down here to campaign for him. He sent his mother to campaign. He sent one of his sons. He sent the Vice President." Then, warming to his subject: "He sent the Secretary of Aitch-Yew-Dee, he sent the Secretary of Agriculture, he sent the Secretary of Commerce. I understand that next week he's sending the Ambass'dor to the Yewnited Nations. And you know what we're gonna do? We're gonna whip 'em *all*!" Thurmond was right.

In Virginia, Democrat Andrew Miller shunned the President's offers of help. Indeed, when the President journeyed out to Hampton Roads for a ceremony, Miller had something better to do in Charlottesville, and stayed there. Perhaps that is because Mr. Carter is unloved in Virginia—witness its being the only Southern state to have gone for Gerald Ford in 1976. Or perhaps the lack of overt enthusiasm for Mr. Carter on the part of Miller and other Democratic candidates nationwide had to do with the "Howell factor."

The 1977 Virginia gubernatorial race, between Republican John Dalton and Democrat Henry Howell, was the first and most graphic test of Mr. Carter's influence in the campaigns of other Democrats. Howell made an issue of his close ties to the President. Mr. Carter toured the state on Howell's behalf; so did numerous relatives and numerous Administration minions (including Hamilton Jordan and Stuart Eizenstat). The result? Dalton won the most lopsided statewide Republican victory in Virginia's history. The message for Miller and other Democrats was clear: the President has no coattails. Those Democratic candidates who failed to read the Howell factor correctly last year understand it only too well now, as they languish in forced retirement.

So instead of rallying to their sitting President, most Democrats did an extraordinary thing: they scurried from him and sought to sell themselves to their constituencies as conservatives independent of the White House. And many of these Democrats demonstrated a high degree of plasticity, of political agility; they beat Republicans by outdeploring them on problems traditionally deplored by Republicans alone—regulation, taxes, and spending. As the Democrats ran away with law and order in 1970, so they grabbed economic salvation from the GOP in 1978. An Oklahoma Democrat phrased it best, late last October: "If you have a Democrat who walks, talks, and acts like a Republican, then you have a lead-pipe cinch to win."

If there was a conservative climate in 1978, there was a populist climate as well. That election year saw a dramatic

Mr. Mackenzie is editor of the editorial page of the Richmond News Leader.

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proliferation of single-issue referenda, reflecting a growing determination on the part of the voters to do for themselves what the political class would not do for them. That determination, in turn, suggests the reawakening, in yet another form, of the nation's hundred-year-old populism, often dormant but never dead.

Since populism took root in the 1870s, the South has been the populist heartland, the generator of populist ideas. Populism is fundamentally an expression of social and economic class-consciousness—a reaction of the deprived against exploitation by the privileged. Early on, the farmers of the South and West got together with the industrial workers of the North in a populist protest against the banks and the industrialists, against the rich, against anything socially entrenched and economically big—against *them*. Populism has run deep in the Southern psyche, and most of the best-known advocates of populism have been Southerners: Tom Watson and Huey Long, Theodore Bilbo and George Wallace.

The Populist Embrace

In the past decade, three new Southern populists have sought major office; two of them failed, one succeeded. In Virginia, Howell failed three times to become governor. His constant target was a vague aggregation of utilities and muckety-mucks whom he termed 'big boys." In North Carolina, Ingram failed in his 1978 run for the Senate. Like Howell, he called himself a "people's candidate." He blasted his opponent's "ties to big money, big oil, and big insurance special interests." In their campaigns, both Howell and Ingram were warmly embraced as kindred souls by the decade's third—and successful—new Southern populist, Jimmy Carter.

That Mr. Carter is a populist cannot be denied. When accepting the Democratic nomination in 1976, for example, he spoke in now-familiar terms of a "political and economic elite," and he deplored "unholy, self-perpetuating alliances that have formed between money and politics." And Mr. Carter later confirmed that his acceptance speech was meant to be "populist in tone." Asked whether he viewed himself as a populist, he said, "I think so." He had come a long way, and learned well, since his boyhood days when, with his father and grandfather—Jim Jack Gordy, an avid supporter of Georgia populist Tom Watson—he had gone to populist rallies.

But as a candidate Mr. Carter proved smarter than Messrs. Howell and Ingram. He muted his populist rhetoric. Early in 1976, for example, he styled himself a tight-money man, a balancer of budgets. There was considerable feeling among the electorate that Jimmy Carter was a conservative. Then came his support for Humphrey-Hawkins, for increases in Social Security and the minimum wage, and for other spending programs championed by the Left. The question now, with the approach of 1980, is whether he can revert successfully to his conservative rhetorical posture.

His attempt to do precisely that has begun. Last fall he took his first decisive step toward salvaging the economy. Subsequently, he said he might reconsider his earlier support for increased Social Security benefits and reduced eligibility standards for Medicare and Medicaid. Recently he said that in view of his first priority for 1979—"a very tight, very stringent" budget—he might have to cut welfare benefits and aid to the cities. Regarding Mr. Carter's new preaching of fiscal prudence, Hamilton Jordan remarked blandly, "That's how we *got* here." Said Stuart Eizenstat: "In terms of fiscal restraint . . . I think [the new] Congress will mirror the President's attitude." And there is this early result: George Meany already has declared Mr. Carter to be "the most conservative President in my lifetime"—a lifetime that began in the Administration of Grover Cleveland.

Southern politics contains two dominant, though seemingly contradictory, strains—liberty and equality, popularly called conservatism and populism. Both strains are largely Southern-derived. The much-discussed New South is primarily a South without the politics of race. In the past, populism produced race-baiting; with race-baiting now dead, populism—popular discontent—has produced nationwide resentment of the political establishment. And such sentiment appears to have translated into a massive political revolt.

Hence the unprecedented number of referenda nationwide, many containing implicit resentment of groups and things perceived to be afflicting the populace—a mish-mash of issues including high taxes and busing, freedom for homosexuals and restrictions on smokers, capital punishment, nuclear power, gambling, the disposal of beverage cans. The referendum is a political instrument for expressing economic and social exasperation; in 1978, the exasperation was provoked by politicians who were perceived as not having done what the voters had elected them to do.

The Headwater

The conservatism of the South is abiding and incontestable. Even Barry Goldwater, who fared so poorly elsewhere, swept the Deep South—the first Republican ever to do so. Southern populism, meanwhile, dormant for several decades, revived with the effort of George Wallace to articulate it nationally. That effort culminated, in part, with the election of Jimmy Carter. To the degree that the 1978 elections speak of conservative and populist surges throughout the country, they may reflect a continuation on other levels of the Southernization of American politics that took place on the presidential level two years ago.

Generally, successful Southern politicians have been fusionists—candidates able to combine conservatism and populism. Jimmy Carter prevailed. Howell and Ingram did not: their conservatism was not strong enough to temper their ingrained populism. Now Mr. Carter is dusting off his conservative rhetoric. But perhaps, having proved to itself that a Southerner can be elected to the Presidency in the twentieth century, the South will require more conservatism from Mr. Carter than before. The populist President, well schooled in the schematic liberalism of the 1960s, cannot run as an outsider again. His reelection may depend on the degree to which he can establish his conservative credentials with the electorate.

The Southernization proceeds. The South is not "new" at all. Politically, it is the same old South, but now it seems to be going national. And how odd that is: the region so long regarded as a backwater—forgettable except at election time—now is watching as the rest of the nation's politics are remade in its conservative/populist image. □

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SOWETO VISITED

Soweto has 285 schools, seven swimming pools, and an ultramodern hospital. Materially, the residents are better off than the poor of Caracas, Santiago, and maybe St. Louis. But Soweto's problems aren't material

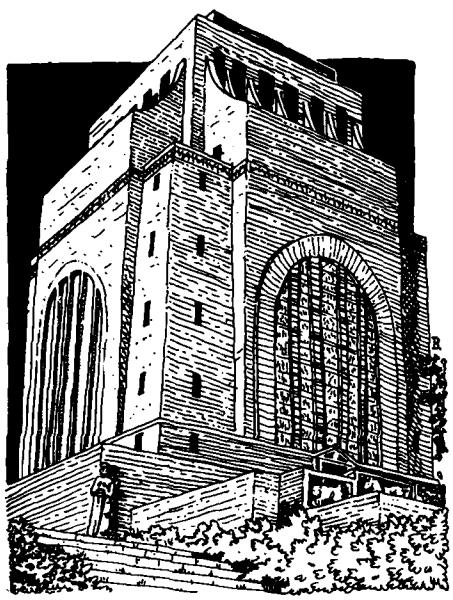
Another Country

F. R. BUCKLEY

In June of 1976, Soweto, the thickly populated black bedroom community southwest of Johannesburg, erupted into headlines worldwide. There the dry tinder of apartheid ignited in a series of savage spontaneous combustions that cost 176 dead, 1,136 wounded, and $40 million in destruction before two heavily armed battalions of police finally stamped the riots out. Soweto at once became a code word for all that is hateful about the racial policies of South Africa. As in Watts, the victims were overwhelmingly black (just two whites dead); as in Watts, the damage to property (libraries, clinics, commercial establishments, homes) injured chiefly blacks; and as in Watts, the irony and tragedy of blacks mauling blacks underscored, through its irrationality, how desperate the central frustration had become. The helots of Sparta, James Burnham reminisced (*NR*, July 23, 1976), finally would stand for no more.

Soweto (SOuth WEstern TOwnships —even the name is contrived, a bureaucratic agglutination) symbolized to the hostile international community white racism and a redneck Afrikaner determination never to permit black South Africans their place in the sun. Soweto further symbolizes the alleged callousness of the ruling (white, Boer) National Party toward poor blacks. In the popular imagination, Soweto is synonymous with ghetto and slum.

Truth and misconception coil about each other like double helices. The



broad indictment is, in most respects, deserved; in particulars, it is intolerant of extenuating circumstances, insensitive to the ethos of given times in the historical evolution of a people, inaccurate in fact, and therefore, finally, unjust.

Last July, I toured the place. Soweto is a settlement where blacks are segregated; a "slum" it is not, failing the definition by as wide a margin as Watts. I've seen worse living conditions in St. Louis. In material circumstances it cannot be compared with the wretchedness of the shantytowns that ring Caracas, Bogotá, Rio de Janeiro, or Santiago. On the basis of three hours of rubbernecking, plus the statistics—and with a reasoned regard for the political, economic, and historical contexts—Soweto cannot be held up as representing any policy of *material* mistreatment of blacks, nor any racially motivated indifference to their well-being. To the contrary, and despite staggering obstacles, Soweto represents a continuing (since 1948) if sporadic effort by the white government to provide, *within the constraints of apartheid*, decent habitation for black miners and quarriers, with an inadequate, at times perplexed and ideologically loggerheaded—yet persistent—policy of improvements.

I've struggled with that sentence. It stutters and stumbles. It sticks. I fear we're in for more, because the issues are so interwoven in South Africa that qualifiers rush in, to the ruin of style. What I labor to establish is that Soweto, *the candid racism of the National Party aside*, is no worse than, indeed better than some, settlements on the fringes of major cities around the globe, and that in South Africa corporate social concern for the poor has been no less erratic and is no less dependent on political (as opposed to altruistic) considerations than is common in non-racist societies. Problems of race and poverty are not, however, interchangeable—notwithstanding that the social and economic policies of the Republic of South Africa have, until the recent past, locked all but a tiny minority of blacks into an economic sub-class.

The heritage that encoded racism into the Afrikaner bloodstream must be understood, and for this a little history is in order. Afrikaners are among the most pious and morally principled people going. That's part of their problem. The ruling National Party is *canonically* racist; it is also parochial, chauvinistic, and xenophobic: and these characteristics contribute heavily to the doctrine of racial superiority. The catechetical

Mr. Buckley is a novelist and lecturer on matters sundry. He is billed as a "social critic," whatever that may be.

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foundation of that doctrine, however, is basic.

The Dutch Huguenots of the Great Trek 140 years ago believed that God had led them into the Wilderness, had given them victory in battle, and then, after a multitude of successive adversities, had permitted them to prosper for all time in a land where they would ever preserve the True Faith.

The *voortrekkers* are certainly no less to be esteemed for their fortitude than the survivors of Mao Tse-tung's Long March. They overcame desperate odds. Their Moses, Piet Retief, would never enjoy the Promised Land; he had been treacherously murdered by Dingaan, the Zulu king. They were a mere handful—a band like Cortés'—against heathen legions. During the interval before the decisive contest at Blood River, Andries Pretorius (their Joshua) and his beleaguered followers made a sacred Covenant with the Lord. He kept His part, as they have faithfully kept theirs; but He would not have granted them victory had their cause been unjust.

So saith the Afrikaner scriptures; and this is the way Afrikaners view themselves even today. The Dutch-descended South Africans are perpetually guarded, watchful, prickly; jealous of the integrity of their faith. That faith is dour and uncompromising and, to modern sensibilities, bound in the letter. (On the Lord's Day, even fishing is forbidden in some provinces.) But their nationhood derived from it, and their faith—as they see it—is justified in the moral and historical righteousness of the nation. Nationalism and religion intertwine at the root: an attack on the one impells the other. The Mormons come to mind, to whom Utah was an outpost in a gentile world. In temperament, Afrikaners are not unlike Israelis. They fought not only the dread Zulus, but the English tribe as well; who, if they were not Canaanites, were Judeans to the Boers.

The treks were an escape from both British hegemony and Anglican liberalism, which included a measure of racial tolerance. Piet Retief stated that a prime reason for shaking the British dust off their feet was "to preserve proper relations between master and servant." Another Boer of the times, Anna Steenkamp, wrote that the British were guilty of placing their slaves "on an equal footing with Christians, contrary to the laws of God and the natural distinctions of race and religion, so that it was intolerable for any decent Christian to bow down beneath such a yoke; wherefore we withdrew in order thus to preserve our doctrines in purity."

The intensity of such convictions among the descendants of the *trekboers* is powerfully evoked by the severe stone memorial temple outside Pretoria. Erected a century after the Great Trek, it stands alone on a hill in defiance of the surrounding plains, a brooding monolith that proclaims not only the Boer faith and heroism of the past, but the living legacy of Afrikaner beliefs. The Voortrekker Monument handbook gives a brief summary of early Dutch history in South Africa. Emphasized is the "generations of weak and misgovernment [*sic*]" by the British, under such as "the autocratic Lord Charles Somerset." Emphasized is how the *voortrekkers* were invited by the decimated Bataung tribes to occupy "all the uninhabited land between the Vet and Vaal Rivers," placing the Boers as a buffer between themselves and the ferocious, predatory Matabeles. Emphasized are the sanguinary treacherousness of Dingaan, the awful massacre at Bloukrans River (where Retief and many others, including women and children, were killed), the Sacred Covenant, and the Judgment of God.

The visitor asks, What sort of memorial is this? Is it truly a *national* shrine? It commemorates *conquest* of the Satanic black tribe and *escape* from the inept, autocratic, and heretical white tribe, whose colonial yoke was not finally to be thrown off for another seventy years. It perpetuates these attitudes with not an iota of the Christian sense of remission. The Zulus were the principal enemy, but no blacks, whatever their tribal affiliation, were ever to have a voice in the Union of South Africa (as the country was called until 1961). Of the four million whites, about a third work for the government or belong to families in which someone does, and 85 to 90 per cent of these are Afrikaans-speaking; the English-descended South Africans may dominate industry, but they are politically outnumbered. The "Union" of South Africa meant little more than the geographic union of the South African subcontinent under Afrikaner sway.

The Afrikaners have been an embattled people since at least 1779, when they engaged in a series of wars against the Nguni. If they are paranoiac, they, like the Israelis, have reason to be

And with the political ascendancy of the unreconstructed Boers over the less bigoted whites of British descent, vile measures were passed into law. The Mines and Works Amendment Act of 1926, for example, excluded virtually all black miners from skilled jobs. The 1937 Native Laws Amendment Act compelled municipalities to segregate European from non-European residents. With the victory of the National Party in 1948 there came a whole slew of additional obnoxious laws: the population register that spectrographs the last drop of color in the veins of every human being, the systematic platting of towns and countryside into zones in which only blacks (or "Coloreds," or Asians, or whites) can own property or conduct business, the racial segregation of unions, and the extension of Jim Crow into areas (e.g., the Cape, a British enclave for generations) where, previously, there had been none.

These are samples of the fanaticism of the National Party during its first years. It's a wonder, given the spirit of the times, that the dark syrup of Coca-Cola's secret formula wasn't forcibly separated from the crystal-clear soda water. But repugnant to us as such measures are today, it doesn't require of Americans so long a memory to recall analogous discriminations in our land. The indignities we visited on our Negroes through the early 1960s may have been less extreme, but then we, white Americans, as a people, never

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fought desperate battles against black savages for possession of our country (of course, the first white settlers in sixteenth century South Africa found only a few Bushmen and Hottentots in the Cape, neither of which groups is truly Negroid). We *did* fight the red Indians; and when finally we vanquished them, our solution—the system of reservations where they would be perpetually at liberty to stagnate in their native cultures—was not so all-fired different from the "separate development" policy enshrined in the black "homelands." A century and a half of extended Afrikaner struggle with Great Britain, which included periods of colonial rule, had the effect in the Afrikaner mind of associating the emancipatory temper of nineteenth century England with that country's less altruistic designs; so that it all came through in a general and abiding Anglophobia. To be liberal on racial matters was viewed not only as heretical, but as tantamount to desertion of the Afrikaner cause.

THE NATIONALISTIC element in Afrikaner racism must be understood. The Afrikaners have been an embattled people since at least 1779, when they engaged in a series of wars against the Nguni. If they are paranoiac, they, like the Israelis, have reason to be. They are today menaced by an almost solidly black phalanx of neighbors to the north, whose leaders preach a black pan-Africanism that is as virulently racist as their own converse brand; and the danger of their being digested by an internal black population that outnumbers them 5 to 1 is no chimera. Israelis fear a Palestinian state. Afrikaners fear for their cultural identity in any multi-racial solution—as well they might, given the exophagic appetite of black nationalism. Their fears are understandable, and their white supremacism, although it remains a matter of principle with the fundamentalists among them, is not separable from their own xenophobic nationalism, which is color-blind.

Soweto was not a product of this mind-set alone. The circumstances that brought the suburb into existence are economic, and they are typical of a young nation in rapid transformation from the pioneering phase of bare subsistence to industrial prosperity and sophistication. As early as 1795 there were 15,000 native-born South African Dutch. As early as 1795 there was a (short-lived) Dutch South African Republic (Graaf-Reinet). But the following 115 years were so bellicose and schismatic that the nation wasn't consolidated until practically yesterday, in 1910, when the Union of South Africa came into being. Not until the Status and Seals Act of 1934, however, could South Africa be deemed master of its own house; and it was yet another 27 years (1961) before the National Party moved to declare the country a Republic, severing the last ties to Britain.

Wretched living conditions are flammable causes of civil unrest, but ten thousand magnificently endowed Sowetos would in no way suffice to still the outrage. In South Africa, we're not dealing merely with the syndrome of "rising expectations"

Any attempt to arrive at a fair judgment about Soweto must allow due weight for the newness of city as well as nation. Only when gold was discovered on the Witwatersrand in 1886 did Johannesburg come into being. Previously, this northern region was a vast, bare veld, where lions coughed over their kills at night. In just 93 years, gold, black labor, and the industriousness of, largely, the urban, business-oriented British tribe have transformed a raw boom town into a muscular metropolis that, in smaller scale, is like a cross between Houston and Chicago.

In raw, wild, and booming frontier societies, a Darwinian ethos inevitably prevails. Selection of the fittest in the rough and scramble is the accepted philosophy. Not to make it—to remain poor—implies a defective character. Poverty is shameful, evidence of moral weakness. Blacks suffered under the double burden of being kept down to the lowest economic levels artificially (here racism did play its part) by such measures as the Mines and Works Amendment Act, *and* being blamed for their poverty.

From the first, black laborers—unskilled, ignorant, and culturally locked in amber—migrated to the job opportunities that were opened to them by gold mining on the Witwatersrand. By the turn of the century, their number was seven times what it had been in 1890—up from 14,000 to 100,000, almost all of them males who had left their tribal villages under 18-month (or shorter) contracts. They were, of course, recruited. Unscrupulous recruiters may have promised them paradise. But the Bantus (the term is used loosely to designate all blacks) responded voluntarily to the allurements—had they been fictitious, the bush grapevine would have spread the word—and they were free, as soon as they had fulfilled the terms of their contracts, to throw down their picks and go home. Despite sardine-can conditions and periodic inter-tribal donnybrooks that, in those early days, led to a high incidence of homicide, increasing numbers eagerly signed on.

This was profitable for them. I am reminded of rural blacks in our South who, with the rise of the pulpwood industry in the 1940s, planted their pea patches to slash or loblolly and either migrated to Northern cities or, as the South itself industrialized, took jobs in regional mills, adding daily wages to the periodic yield from their stands of pine. Our blacks gained no Jordan when they moved by the hundreds of thousands to New York, Detroit, and Chicago. Often they traded a desperate rural poverty for a hardly less desperate urban poverty, to which they added crime, drug addiction, and a dehumanization (cultural alienation and isolation) that they had rarely experienced down South; yet most of them found the deal advantageous.

In Africa, tribal lands are allotted to individuals by the village chief. Even today, it is the women and children, almost exclusively, who work the fields; the males are hunters and warriors. A head of family could work out his two-year contract in Johannesburg without prejudicing his standing in the village or compromising his title to land. His absence had the effect of amplifying the

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quotidian larder, both because he was not there to consume his share and because during the years he spent abroad his one or two or several wives were left unimpregnated; and when at last he returned to his village he brought with him the fruits of exile. And so they came, hordes of them; and not just from the bush of South Africa. By 1978 there were 426,000 black miners from *outside* the Republic: from Rhodesia, Botswana, and newly liberated Portuguese Africa. And as in the case of peasant migrations to major South American cities, when they came, they inundated. That they squatted in company camps in daily augmenting squalor had little to do with the color of their skins. Municipal resources were overwhelmed; and, given South Africa's narrow tax base, spending by the public sector is limited.

At the time, also, high politics were being played, independence was being at last achieved, an industrial base was being created. The lot of miners and laborers, black or white, in a devil-catch-the-hindmost boom city was not of highest priority. The buggers were better off than where they came from, weren't they? They could bloody well go back to their villages if they didn't like it, couldn't they? The acceptance of society's obligation to provide minimally decent living conditions (the definition of which tends to rise with the prosperity of the middle classes, because it is from a middle-class view of decency that the floor is determined) for everyone is very recent in the Western industrialized world. The authorities of Johannesburg were no more insensitive to the fetating squalor on the outskirts than city councils anywhere in similar times and at similar stages of development.

They came and they came. They stayed. They sent for their wives, striking roots, becoming urbanized and detribalized. The Native Laws Amendment Act of 1937 not only segregated black and white residents within the cities but authorized the Executive to prevent more blacks from coming into the cities. As well as being racist, the Act was a response to a situation that was rapidly becoming unmanageable. The stench had begun to reach the noses of the authorities. By the advent of World War II the congestion was such that, as one government publication puts it, it finally "burst, spilling people onto the bare veld. Shacks built of rotten boards, rusted iron, and any other available material mushroomed overnight into featureless urban agglomerations well-expressed in the word by which they came to be known—'locations.'"

IT IS NOT AT ALL surprising, nor suggestive of any racial malice, that this should have come to pass. In 1948, when the National Party swept in, it was faced with what the same pamphlet describes as "a moral dilemma"—whether to undertake building houses of high quality, and thus fewer of them, or more dwellings of lower cost that would hasten the eradication of the slums. The latter course was chosen, and Soweto was born.

Soweto, then, represents a decision by the National Party at the time of its most virulent racism to *improve* the miserable living conditions of blacks who presumptively perceived those same conditions as an improvement over what they had left behind. Racism is an offense against the dignity of the human soul, but it need not be *materially* inhumane.

What's the place like? Greater Soweto covers 15,718 acres, on which more than three-quarters of a million mainly dirt-poor blacks have their lodgings. There are eight principal tribes, each occupying a different section, of which Zulus and Sothos predominate. Oh, it is a dreary place to drive through, rows on rows of identical saltboxes laid out by the thousands on an almost featureless landscape. Middle-class blacks (they do exist; there is even a millionaire) have it better. Their houses are custom-built. But the prevailing impression is of unrelieved and unimaginative bleakness; of an early, very cheap, Levittown. Each dwelling has its tiny little yard, some neglected, others pitifully planted. The streets are mostly unpaved and rutted; trash is everywhere, in gutters and empty lots. Nevertheless, Soweto is no slum.

Many yards are tidy, with shade trees, shrubs, and flower gardens. The rowhouse cottages are individualized by their occupants in numerous pathetic but enterprising ways; by, for example, zebra-striping the front doors in vividly contrasting colors. There is little structural deterioration. Despite the wayside trash, garbage seems to be regularly collected—there is no slum odor.

pressed by what has been accomplished in the thirty years of Soweto's existence. There are 299 churches, 285 schools (with 3,032 classrooms and 187,094 pupils), 63 nursery schools and "crêches" (day-care centers), six libraries, three banks, eight medical clinics, four dance halls, nine communal halls, a 12,500-seat amphitheater, two golf courses, 11 cricket pitches, twenty clubhouses, 81 volleyball courts, three rugby and four softball fields, seven public swimming pools, four athletic tracks, 115 soccer fields (the largest of which accommodates fifty thousand spectators), and 39 playgrounds. There are 1,600 black-owned businesses, one thousand privately owned taxis, and fifty thousand privately owned cars (of which 3 per cent are Mercedes-Benzes). Of special pride is the 2,400-bed Baragwanath Hospital, one of the largest in the Southern Hemisphere (with a staff

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of nearly six thousand) and assertedly among "the best equipped and most efficient hospitals in the world." All medical and health services either are free to the lowest income groups or are charged at nominal rates that rise on a graduated scale according to means.

The nagging deficiencies are in the number, the size, and the modernity of the dwellings. There are 101,146 houses (at an average of 7.4 persons to the unit), of which only 18,558 are wired for light. The standard single-family cottage is brick with an asbestos roof; it has two bedrooms, a living room, a kitchen, and an outside toilet and water tap. Most of the cottages are owned by the West Rand Administration Board, which since 1975 (before the riots) has planned to make fifty thousand units available for private purchase. Meanwhile, rent runs between R10 ($11.80) and R21 ($24.78) a month, depending on the age of the house, with an average monthly charge for insurance and water of R3.50 ($4.13). In the third quarter of 1976, the monthly salary of black miners and quarriers ran to R127, so that rent, water, and insurance for the most expensive cottages claim 19.3 per cent of wages.

THEIR DEPRESSINGLY small size, however, can result in suffocatingly crowded living. Black Africans are virile, fecund, and polygamous; and they prize children. Our guide, Mrs. Chloe Hummel, information officer for the West Rand Administration Board, a Swiss-educated woman who is devoted to the welfare of Soweto's inhabitants, gamely showed us what she designated—in evident distress and embarrassment—as "the very worst" of Soweto's housing (it was the earliest built, also), in which families with as many as 16 members lived. I was myself distressed—good God, just contemplate 16 children, adolescents, and adults of various ages and relationships jammed into quarters so terribly cramped—but less shocked than I believe she expected me to be.

I've bummed around on both sides of the Mediterranean basin; I've lived for weeks at a time in towns where the only water that ran was the sewage in open gutters and where the picturesque white stucco dwellings whitewashed the meanest of material existences. Poverty anywhere can be horrible. In private embarrassment, I thought of our occasional cleaning woman back home, who lives with 22 members of her immediate family in a cottage no bigger than the worst Soweto can show. My mind jumped to "La Pincolla," a shantytown outside Santiago, Chile, where the hovels of "rotten boards" and "rusted iron"—which, in Johannesburg, were replaced by Soweto—are so unspeakably awful (paneless windows; rags stuffed into the cracks of jerrybuilt walls to keep the frigid Andean winds out) as not to be mentioned in the same breath. Alluding to the misery that exists in other lands—including, here and there, our own—is not by way of excusing what remains deplorable about the housing of Soweto; it is by way of keeping matters in perspective. Also, I think, it is fair to recall that most of these people would otherwise still be living in beehive, wattle-and-thatch huts, sans water, sanitation, medical attention, or educational and recreational facilities. In fact, the housing that is deplored in Soweto is the same kind that in India and Tanzania is singled out as a triumph of government planning.

Soweto, everything considered, is no mean achievement for a country whose GNP, though the highest of the 48 independent states on the African continent, comes out to less than $900 per capita. A major bone of contention, of course, is that the black South African hasn't been getting his proportionate share of the pot; and that is indisputable. There persists, in all types of work, the widest disparity between what whites and blacks earn. However, on the evidence compiled by the Nedbank Group, this gap is narrowing dramatically within certain industries. And although it is *not* true that the indigenous South African enjoys the highest living standard of any black African in terms of income (the bonanza of oil puts Nigerians at the top, though it's a different story if services are included), his *is* among the highest.

Only 798 houses were built in Soweto in 1976. Limited funds aren't the sole reason for the deficiency. The apartheid policies of the National Party dissipate effort. "The normal financial problem," explains the Nedbank Group study, "was overlaid by an ideological one: several local authorities and private-sector groups tried to find the funds to muster the effort to meet the needs of resident urban black communities, but the central government continued to approach the question [as] being one of providing, in the main, only for a [diminishing] group of temporary sojourners whose 'homes' were elsewhere." At a total cost of R334 million ($394 million), the central government did add 308,257 urban housing units in the Republic as a whole between 1950 and 1976 (not to be sneezed at, considering that in 1975 the U.S. GNP was $1,508.-76 billion while South Africa's GNP was $33.56 billion, and that to match the South African effort HUD would have had to build 13.9 million homes for America's poor). But in the much shorter period between 1961 and 1975, it spent R200 million ($236 million) on 125,000 dwellings and their infrastructure in seventy new rural towns in the "homeland" areas.

Soweto, then, represents a decision by the National Party at the time of its most virulent racism to improve the living conditions of blacks who presumptively perceived those same conditions as an improvement over what they had left behind

Now, the Nedbank Group continues, "there is a new sense of urgency." The civil riots of 1976, when construction in Soweto alone fell short of estimated need by 1,202 units, "shocked the white society into an awareness of what had to be done." South African businessmen formed the Urban Foundation, whose purpose is to improve living standards for blacks. Right now, $68 million is being raised to electrify every last cottage in Soweto within five years.

What has been accomplished, therefore, is a measure of the magnitude of what there is still to do. In our coun-

(Continues on page 501)

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Whither Spain?

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

TRAVELING through Spain is a little like visiting Europe's past. The modern world arrived here only lately, sometime after Franco's death, and its symbols remain inchoate. The pace of life is slow, though productive. Madrid is clean, not antiseptic like the metal of urban skyscrapers, but tidy like a well-kept rural household. Pony-tailed señoritas regulate traffic languidly, without the frenzied attention of grim traffic cops. And the king and queen are very popular.

Yet, even as Spaniards live in a world which suggests the past, they seem, at least publicly, to ignore it. Franco, who dominated their lives and politics for four decades, is rarely mentioned. Outside of the Left press, he is not even vilified, but simply ignored. This general reticence is not unusual in a country which has recently undergone considerable change; it is almost a way of purging the worst of the past (like American attempts, until recently, to forget Vietnam).

Dead but Still Remembered

This is usually a temporary phenomenon, however, and in Spain especially I think it will be brief. Franco after all is a national hero, and in time he will be remembered as one. (The power of his memory was suggested by the attention devoted to a witty novel, *And in the Third Year He Rose from the Dead*, which hilariously described the panic inspired in Spanish politicians by the Caudillo's resurrection.)

Unlike many authoritarian rulers, Franco was not overthrown by an heroic revolution of the Left (followed by the usual bloodbath); he simply ruled until he died, when power was transferred to Juan Carlos, who began the slow but so far successful transition to parliamentary government. Franco defeated the Communist Left on the battlefield, hoodwinked the Nazis into allowing Spain to remain neutral, and gained the grudging approval of the Allies in World War II. Who else could have accomplished that? He was cunning and brave, a typical *Gallego*. The scion of a republican family, Franco was suspicious of the need for a dictatorship. In 1934, after quelling the anarchist revolt in Asturias, he refused Gil Robles' request to establish a military dictatorship. Only in 1936, after urging by contrite republicans and democrats who recognized that further attempts to establish their preferred form of government would only lead to a takeover by the Left, did Franco take the nasty but necessary step of assuming authoritarian power.

He did hold on too long. But the stability of Spain today is at least in part a legacy of Franco's steady authority. By shielding Spain from the traumatic convulsions that were taking place on the rest of the Continent, Franco allowed her, however belatedly, to modernize without convulsions of her own. The present building boom, new railways and superhighways, new hospitals, "workers' universities" for skilled labor, reforestation, emancipation of women, and increased literacy among the poor were all achieved or begun under the dictatorship. Franco was never conservative in the narrow sense of clinging to the status quo; and he was by no means totalitarian. His greatest mistake was to suppress, entirely, the regionalism so endemic to the Iberian peninsula.

The violence of the Basques and the incipient demands for autonomy by other minorities are the result. Rebellious minorities within ethnic majorities tend to be relentless, and the Basques have followed this rule. They are like the Irish in having for the most part lost their own language, but not their ethnic pride. During the Civil War, the Basque provinces of Biscay and Guipúzcoa were isolated, and because the "Republicans" granted the Basques their ancient *fueros* (autonomous privileges), the reports of Republican atrocities against Christians elsewhere in Spain were ignored; even the Basque priests were against the Nationalists, who unrelentingly strove for a centralized government. The long shadow of this attitude extends even to the present.

Can the monarchy and parliament continue to co-exist in a unified Spain? The royal family is popular, and the king manages cleverly, feeding out just the right amount of political slack as it is requested. Yet the new constitution, which was supported and signed by Juan Carlos, severely limits his power; he cannot be compared in the range of his authority even to the constitutional monarchs ruling at the turn of the century.

There is some hope that the Spanish may have become politically "mature" enough to support a democracy, especially through the development of a broad middle class. But there is also a certain naïveté among the progressives who proclaim this maturity; forms of government, after all, are matters of temperament as much as of rationality. Even Rome and Athens never "matured" into perfect democracies, and they were not burdened by the strains and mass psychology of modern nation-states. My own knowledge of the young in Spain, developed over twenty years of watching, does not leave me sanguine about the hopes of our global democrats, who still wish to make the world safe for their political creed. The Spanish young are generally ignorant of economics, and have a too fervent desire to "belong" to the European community.

Potential Problems

The victory of the moderates in the March 1 election was of course a good sign. But the centrist party of Premier Suarez still needs a coalition to form an absolute majority, and the potential for disruption remains. There has been a rise in crime, and an exponential rise in the number and duration of labor strikes. If a prolonged recession hits, and ethnic separatists remain belligerent, some of the nostalgia for Franco may gel into a lust for more effective, and less democratic, authority. Spain has always existed as a tenuous union of diverse communities, with Throne and Altar the only unifying influences. With the authority of those forces weakened, it will be interesting to see how the king and his parliament fare. Let us hope—for the sake of Spain, and of the West—that they prosper. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

More Freedom Per Dollar

So very dull, so costly, so difficult to reform! I am describing the American educational apparatus, from kindergarten through graduate school. Yet some able and influential people are nowadays bringing forward certain hopeful schemes for educational renewal. One has to do with the "voucher plan" for freedom of choice at the primary and secondary levels. The other is concerned with the ruinous cost of higher education, but also is related to freedom of choice.

In Michigan last November, a "voucher plan" was on the state ballot; it was badly defeated, chiefly through the power of the vituperative teachers' unions. But the concept of "entitlements" or "vouchers" is not going to die. The case for this plan is put dispassionately and systematically by John E. Coons and Stephen D. Sugarman in their new book *Education by Choice: The Case for Family Control* (University of California Press, $10.95). For those readers who desire reminding, a voucher or entitlement plan provides that public funds for schooling should be distributed through certificates supplied to the parents of schoolchildren. These vouchers would be redeemable in public funds by the school of the parents' choice.

Professors Coons and Sugarman, of the University of California Law School at Berkeley, had a large hand in the *Serrano* decision of California's Supreme Court, which in effect decreed that public funds in California must be spent equally upon all children, regardless of the affluence of particular school districts. In that sense, Coons and Sugarman are egalitarians. But they believe in freedom of choice, in giving every child the opportunity for a tolerably good schooling. Their book, closely reasoned, takes up nearly every conceivable advantage and difficulty of the voucher concept.

They set their faces against an equality of envy and degradation. "A commitment to equality at the deliberate expense of the development of individual children seems to us the final corruption of whatever is good in the egalitarian instinct," they write. "It is a dog-in-the-manger morality of the most wicked and degrading sort. We concede that lifetime incomes should be made more equal through taxation and other forms of redistribution, but deliberately to deprive a child of his human potential as a way of achieving such equality represents the most vicious exploitation of a helpless minority." The family, not the bureaucratic state, should be in charge of children's education—in the classroom, effectually, as in the home—Coons and Sugarman conclude.

Entitlements would transfer control of a child's schooling from the centralized educationist apparatus to the parents. Coons and Sugarman examine the child's best interest, choice and the "American covenant," pluralism and racial integration, teacher certification, teachers' unions, the nature of subsidies, and much more.

Attendance at colleges and universities is becoming hopelessly expensive. I can recall when, after World War II, Harvard and Yale raised tuition to $1,000. Aghast, I exclaimed to friends, "Who ever can pay *that*!" But now scarcely a college of any repute remains that charges so little as $1,000 a year. The medical schools of Georgetown and George Washington Universities, for instance, charge nearly $12,000 per year.

What to do? Will only the children of the rich, or youthful members of "minorities" granted special privileges and emoluments by the centralized state, be able to attend colleges and universities? Well, John R. Silber, the energetic president of Boston University, has a remedy to offer: a Tuition Advance Fund (TAF).

Under this scheme, a fund financed by the Federal Government would be established; and from that fund young people engaged in higher education could draw an allowance after their freshman year. This "advance" would not be precisely a loan, since no interest would be charged; and repayment would be compulsory, in the long run, through the Internal Revenue apparatus. In short, the beneficiaries of higher education would pay their own way, eventually, since graduates would be required to repay their advances (up to the total $15,000 allowable) at the rate of 2 per cent of their gross annual incomes.

Because this plan was sponsored in Congress by Senator Edward Kennedy and then-Representative Michael Harington, it seems a "liberal" measure. Yet somewhat similar proposals have been advanced over the years by conservative thinkers—by Ernest van den Haag, for one, in his forgotten book *Education as an Industry*. President Silber hopes to attract conservative support for his proposal, which, he says, would in the long run be financially self-maintaining.

In order not to rouse the angry opposition of the powerful state-college lobby in Washington, Mr. Silber deliberately gives the state institutions of higher learning large advantages over independent colleges and universities. (For instance, state legislatures, under TAF legislation, would not be permitted to reduce the present level of their appropriations for higher education.) For all that, President Silber has not yet obtained the blessing of such bodies as the Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges.

"What I find remarkable," he writes to me, "is that very few state university and college presidents seem able to recognize that the Tuition Advance Fund would be an enormous benefit to them, and perhaps the only source of income most of them will have in the next ten years to provide for the academic enrichment of their programs." The "private" institutions also would be assisted, of course, in the sense that they would have a better chance of surviving at all, were the students (or their parents) immediately relieved of part of the formidable cost of tuition.

Whatever one thinks of TAF, I find it refreshing that cost and opportunity in the higher learning are at last being seriously discussed. Perhaps adversity may work a reform of school and college; certainly affluence has failed to invigorate us. □

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Books Arts & Manners

An Affirmative Action

The Coup
By John Updike
Knopf, 299 pp., $8.95

DAVID EVANIER

Updike's portrait of a mythical anti-Western African leader and his "Islamic-Marxist" state, Kush, converges with a cascade of anti-American events—in Jonestown, Iran, Afghanistan, and the White House—to take on an air of prophecy.

Consider this event in *The Coup*: an American official named Gibbs waits for two weeks to hand over a huge shipment of food sent as a humanitarian gesture to the starving population of Kush, where the drought has gone on for five years. Colonel Ellelloû, the furious President of Kush, whose air-conditioned Mercedes-Benz is loaded up with food out of sight of the crowd, tells Gibbs: "Are you aware . . . that climatic conditions in this region have been the same for five years, that the 'humanitarian catastrophe' you speak of is to us the human condition?" As Gibbs begs the President to accept the food, Ellelloû signals the crowd to apply torches to it. The young American, instead of fleeing, scrambles to the top of the mountain of food. "We were surprised," comments Ellelloû, "how silently he died." The event is turned into a symbol of Ellelloû's "repelling of the American invasion."

In the People's Museum of Imperialist Atrocities in Istiqlal, the capital of Kush, "The leather trappings on the French parade harness had been nibbled and consumed by the starving. The little model, meant to scandalize with its penury, of the typical servants' hut *circa* 1910 had been carefully dismantled and smuggled outside to serve as shelter for a family of Istiqlal's urban homeless."

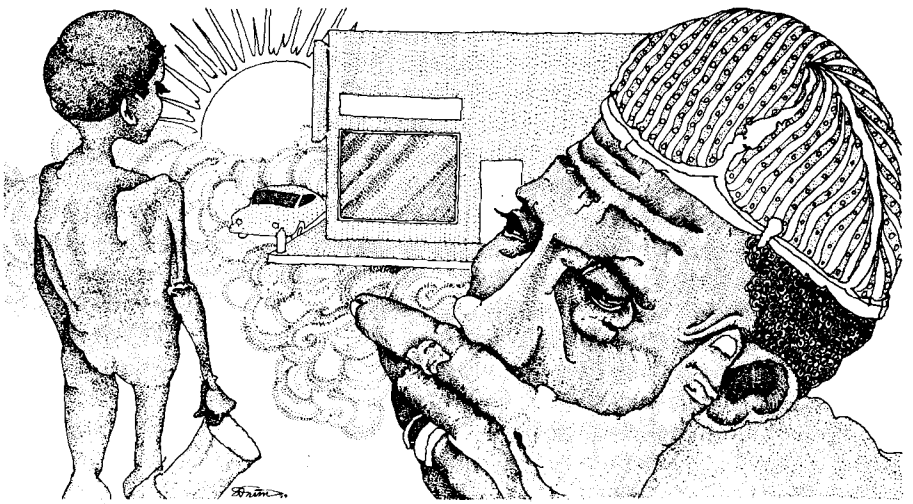
The basic statistics: "The average life expectancy in Kush is 37 years, the per capita gross national product $79, the literacy rate 6 per cent. . . . The flag is a plain green field. . . . Among the natural resources of Kush perhaps should be listed our diseases—an ample treasury which includes, besides famine and its edema and kwashiorkor, malaria, typhus, yellow fever, sleeping sickness, leprosy, bilharziasis, onchocerciasis, measles, and yaws."

Updike's forays beyond suburbia and WASP characters have produced good novels before; but *The Coup* occupies a special place among his works. It has scope, verbal dazzle on every page, and a sympathetic, credible crazy in the shrimp Ellelloû, who is a paranoid ideologue, puritanical and horny, obsessed with his hatred of America and filled with lyrical, ambivalent memories of the fields and seasons of Franchise, Wisconsin, where he spent his undergraduate years.

Now a deposed leader, Ellelloû composes his memoirs, which constitute *The Coup*, alternating between the first and third person, for "there are two selves: the one who acts, and the 'I' who experiences. This latter is passive even in a whirlwind of the former's making, passive and guiltless and astonished."

A deserter from the French colonial army during the Algerian war, Ellelloû graduates from McCarthy College in Franchise and takes part in the revolution in Kush, eventually ousting the king. To his consternation, once the revolution is consummated, he finds there was no need for one:

> When we effected the Revolution, we discovered a strange thing. There was nothing to revolutionize. Our Minister of Industry looked for factories to nationalize, and there were none. The Minister of Agri-



David Evanier *is a novelist and critic residing in New York. . . .* **Norbert Muhlen** *is the American correspondent for several European newspapers. . . .* **William F. Rickenbacker** *is an accomplished ace, son of an ace, economist, music critic, and literary critic.*

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culture sought out the large land holdings to seize and subdivide, and found that most of the land was in a legal sense unowned. There was poverty but no oppression; how could this be? . . . We sought to restore autonomy to the people, in the form of citizens' councils and elections with pictographic ballots, but they had never surrendered autonomy in their minds. . . .

This does not stop him, for, beyond all else, the President has been traumatized by his memory of a drugstore in Wisconsin, the symbol of everything decadent in American civilization, for which his hatred blazes night and day. He walks the streets of famine-stricken Kush in his many disguises: gum-seller, government messenger-boy, orange-seller, troubadour, sniffing out any traces of decadence that could lead to the materializing in Kush of that damned drugstore.

"*Eradicate tourism*, he thinks to himself, *eradicate property*, *eradicate theft*." He spots a Muslim woman "wearing freaky sunglasses," and they recall "the memory of a tree of sunglasses he had seen when new in the land of the devils." He thinks of the drugstore with its "walls and racks crowded with intensively captive spirits, passionate, bright and shrill, their cries for the release of purchase multiplied by the systematic madness of industrial plenty. . . . [Ellelloû's] instinct was to smash, to disarray this multi-faceted machine." Yet the drugstore holds other memories as well, for it is at the rack of sunglasses that he meets one of his future wives: the white—in fact, blonde—Candy, whom he keeps under wraps in a shuttered villa in Kush, where she is known as the Muffled One.

THE IMMOLATION of the American, Gibbs, turns out to be Ellelloû's undoing. American inquiries turn into offers of aid and construction, happily accepted in Ellelloû's absence by his pragmatic, dandified Minister of the Interior, Michaelis Ezana. There is much more to the plot of *The Coup*, including Ellelloû's student days with the Black Muslims in Chicago and Milwaukee; his beheading of the king, after which the head is wired up to talk by the Soviets, in order to sabotage Ellelloû; Ellelloû's four diverse wives and his mistress, all marvelously characterized; and the springing-up in a remote outpost, without his knowledge, of a thriving modern Americanized town called Ellelloû. Into this horror, replete with a pale replica of the drugstore in Wisconsin, the President stumbles by accident.

There is more here of Nabokov (or at least of Humbert Humbert) than of the Evelyn Waugh of *Black Mischief* and *Scoop*, for while Ellelloû acts savagely, he is not depicted with savagery. His response to America has ingredients of the love-hate of the refugee outsider; as he sits in a car on one of his crazy expeditions and "Shadows, angels, dangers, trucks on the road, radio waves in the air slip by us," he remembers:

> The incident had the quality, an impalpable slithering-by, of those Wisconsin nights when, outside in the snow no whiter than Candy's hips and flanks as they gleamed within the erotic turmoil of bedsheets, a siren went by, bleating and beating blue upon the bricks, the ivy, the window sills, the steeples and silos of sleeping Franchise.

And he is capable of saying to Candy: "I often think of your brother, the sadness of him sleeping alone, in a room all his. To emerge from such solitude into sexuality must be a great arrival, greater than in other nations, too poor to have so many rooms."

And the President thinks about his suffering country as he lies with his mistress:

> The noises about them in the slum, the banging of calabashes and scraping of warm ashes and the unwrapping of hashish packets concealed in fasces of rattan below and the buzzing of children's recitation from the Koran school across the steep ochre alley, made it hard to return to sleep, *sálat as-subh* performed, and Ellelloû lay there beside her hard-breathing unconsciousness like a thirsty man lying on the lip of a well, conscious that the nation was dying, that the beginnings of its day were the leavings of the night, that the dry sounds he heard, of rattling, scraping, unwrapping, were hopeless sounds, scavenging sounds, of chickens too thin to slaughter pecking at stones that would never be seeds.

Updike contrasts to that the next paragraph, in which Ellelloû absurdly asks his awakened mistress: "Would it help to kill the king?"

It is that blend of comedy, satire, elegant prose, seriousness of purpose, highly credible characterization, and an imagination that takes wing on every page that endows this book with eminence. A white novelist has written the memoirs of a black Third World leader, and managed it with superb aplomb—an affirmative literary action indeed. □

The Stories of John Cheever
By John Cheever
Knopf, 693 pp., $15

VISIONS OF GRACE

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Ten years ago, when John Cheever was in his mid-fifties, he was astonished to report that some of his early stories had been written so long ago that they were already in the public domain. This new collection goes back a mere thirty years and denies us the earlier achievements; but it covers enough time and space to give us an eagle's-eye view of Cheever country, and—to use a phrase of his—what a wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful country it is. (That's a reminder of the ending of his novel *Bullet Park*: but see the final phrase of his story "The Worm in the Apple," where the blessed couple "got richer and richer and richer and lived happily, happily, happily, happily"; and in a dozen other stories we find in Cheever's language, at the coda, that unashamed harping on the dominant-tonic as if repetition may quiet unbelief—a Beethoven-simplicity of utterance.)

Already we are removed from the world of the mere "story." Pick up a Cheever story and let his people get a hold on you, and you become so engaged in their inner being that you disdain to ask of the author what you should always ask of the mere narrator: "What happens next?" Sometimes nothing happens at all, unless you open your heart to the resonances of a man whose eye sees the world of the spirit, where your hack novelist is about to have his hero say, "Follow that car!"

Now, Cheever country has been found wanting, especially by dapper downtown critics who lap up *Angst* and turn up their noses at bedrock. His people are all middle-class gentry with servants, it is said; they are Christians; they are

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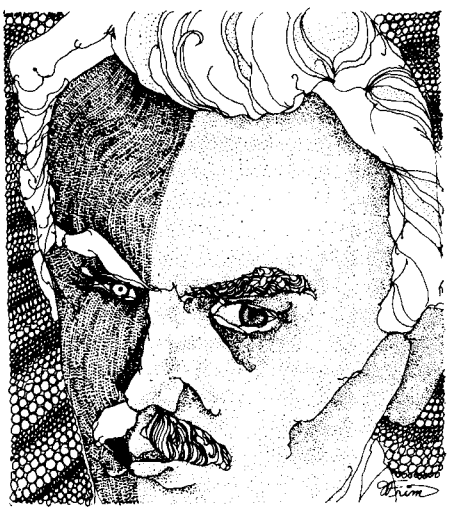
white—as if they were therefore criminals and he a criminal to think about them. But those critics choose to ignore the shattering power of good and evil, or, if they believe in a moral universe, they pretend that it excludes the men who take the 8:03 to work in the morning. Cheever's special evangelism has been to instruct us on the nature of good and evil, violence and love, as these primal facts impinge on even the most sheltered and cushioned of people.

It shows in his metaphors: "clouds held that kind of light that looks like blood"; the "detonations" of the surf; a midsummer sunset holds "continents of shadow and fire"; the New Hampshire morning is "violent nd alien"; after a rainstorm the air is "chill, bitter, and clean"; the dials on the radio glow with a "malevolent" green; the winter afterglow on the Hudson River is "pitiless"; a gorgeous suburban mansion is faced with rough stone, "like a Spanish prison"; the posts supporting a ski tow look "like gibbets in the twilight"; after a rain the air smells "as though ammonia had been spilled in the streets"; he sees "the delicate, the vitiated New Hampshire landscape, with its omnipresence of ruin"; a sunset is "a hundred clouds in the west—clouds of gold, clouds of silver, clouds like bone and tinder and filth under the bed"; to gain admission to an apartment "you rang the bell above the mailbox in the vestibule and were answered with a death-rattle in the lock"; smoke-clouds seem to spell "whole words and sentences. Halcyon. Disaster. . . ."; a ping-pong table is knocked overboard and drifts astern, "a reminder of how mysterious the world must seem to a man lost overboard"; the irreproachable houses on suburban Bellevue Avenue are ornamented with turrets and wooden beading, "like a mistaken or at least a mysterious nod to the faraway mosques and harems of bloody Islam"; a fading writer seems to have lost "the ear's innermost chamber, where we hear the heavy noise of a dragon's tail moving over the dead leaves."

And the violence of imagery in these placid lives underwrites Cheever country, where all is well until, in one story, a brother tries to kill his brother; in another, a gardener berates the dowager; or the husband assails his wife, the subject attacks the artist, a child is horribly killed on a ski tow (gibbets!), the city farmer squares off against the hired hand; lover confronts lover, husband has it out with his wife's lover, children eat poison, neighbor "kills" neighbor, cuckold assaults libertine, car crash demolishes a symbolic heirloom, a music teacher is killed, daughter kills mother . . .

But the violence is always random, and it is never a piece of the final substance of life in Cheever country. Cheever's vision proceeds from the loveliness of Creation to the dark presence of random madness and horror, and if he had gone no further we would have little to thank him for, because we all know at the age of 12 that things aren't what they're cracked up to be.



His vision goes beyond the confusions that threaten to destroy the surface of things and finds the bedrock that sustains the reality of things: "Children drown, beautiful women are mangled in automobile accidents, cruise ships founder, and men die lingering deaths in mines and submarines, but you will find none of this in my accounts. In the last chapter the ship comes home to port, the children are saved, the miners will be rescued. Is this an infirmity of the genteel or a conviction that there are discernible moral truths? Mr. X defecated in his wife's top drawer. This is a fact, but I claim that it is not a truth." (In the musical *Man of La Mancha*, Don Quixote never fails to get a round of applause when he informs Sancho that "there is a difference . . . between the *facts* . . . and the *truth*!")

The original cartographers of Cheever country were Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and it is said that the confusions of modern life have rendered their vision irrelevant. Cheever's "mysterious" vision (and he would be the first to own the liturgical etymology of that word) forces us to deal with the

RANDOM NOTES

■ LEFT OVER FROM APRIL: *Things Past* (Morrow, $9.95) by Malcolm Muggeridge (edited by Ian Hunter) is a collection of pieces written over half a century. Like *Chronicles of Wasted Time*, it witnesses the author's pilgrimage from socialism to Christianity. . . . Senator S. I. Hayakawa of California, who recently announced a campaign to root out jargon and obfuscation in government communications, is now publishing a book denouncing these ills, entitled *Through the Communication Barrier: On Speaking, Listening, and Understanding* (Harper & Row, $8.95).

■ SOME MAY TITLES: Garry Wills, whose *Inventing America* was published last year and whose novel, *At Buttons*, has just been released, is following up this surge of activity with *Confessions of a Conservative* (Doubleday, $10). The title's a real teaser, no? . . . Peter Steinfels' *The Neo-Conservatives: The Men Who Are Changing America's Politics* (Simon & Schuster, $10.95) was recently excerpted in *Esquire* magazine. . . . *Confessions of a Muckraker* (Random House, $10), by Jack Anderson and James Boyd, is *distinctly* a good and interesting volume. Most interesting, perhaps, in its coverage of Joe McCarthy. . . . William C. Sullivan, formerly J. Edgar Hoover's assistant in charge of criminal, intelligence, and espionage work at the FBI, has written a book (with Bill Brown) called *Thirty Years in Hoover's FBI* (Norton, $12.95). From what we recall of Arthur Schlesinger's biography of Bobby Kennedy, Sullivan is a species of whistle-blower. . . . James Hitchcock, the brilliant social and religious critic, has a new one ready: *Catholicism and Modernity: Confrontation or Capitulation?* (Seabury, $12.95), about the strains that have developed in Christianity since Vatican II. . . . Andrew Greeley's *The Making of the Popes* (Sheed, Andrews, $12.95) deals with the politics of papal conclaves in general and what ought to have been the Final Conclave—that which elected Pope John Paul I, but was followed shortly by the one which elected John Paul II (also treated of by Greeley).

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Glad Tidings as if they were headlines in today's newspaper. To have seen this, on the platform, waiting for the 8:03, in the middle of the twentieth century, is to have had a vision indeed. To have shared that vision was Cheever's act of loving-kindness, full of mysteries, wonders, miracles. □

Lunar Attractions
By Clark Blaise
Doubleday, 305 pp., $8.95

LUCULENCE

D. KEITH MANO

Lunar Attractions is a glomerate, membranous, liquid novel: edema in the most delicate human tissue: mensual; suggestive of fecundity. The word I have in mind is *luculent*: it means clear, logical, yet it has a sensuous and glossitic sound: it can't be said aloud without starting saliva up. *Lunar Attractions* will reverberate: plectra in it for each bass chord of the soul. A marvelous thing, is what I'm trying to say

There are people, children usually, for whom the most routine act of sight is voyeuristic: a lungfish seen, a father's head hair, a map contour even. No event or item can dissociate itself from their torrid innocence: from chthonic mystery. David Greenwood, Clark Blaise's protagonist—aged five through 17—is that sort of voyeur. All surfaces return implicit sensuality to his eye. Blaise has denuded Greenwood of cultural or intellectual bias, so that he can narrate without preconception. Greenwood, for example, is ambigu-dextrous: not right or left, just, well, impartial. His physique, over 12 years, will refuse to adjust its hormone diet in any definitive male- or femaleness. Greenwood is fact-gatherer: data hoard: he cannot, until Blaise's last page, begin to synthesize or judge. An improbable reporter, yet pivotal in life as the unassuming number 3.14159 is in geometry—and in all modern perception.

I adduce it so: that this character, David Greenwood, with his passionate ignorance, can sustain what is certainly the most ferocious and astonishing scene of adolescent sexual first contact ever written: in English: in fiction. I say that without hyperbole. I'll lay five against all takers: for blunt impact and resonance it will not be approximated anyplace in literature. Blaise left me web-bound with scar adhesions: stupefied well beyond my own larval teenage awakening: aghast in bed.

A Jurassic and murderous alligator tail starts the book: "gnarled, stony," thrashing down. A woman's sexual organ will end it. And these phenomena are not different. Indeed, everything—image and action—is related in *Lunar Attractions*. By gravity, of course. By harmonic pitch, by juxtaposition: particularly by color—the texture is caked in florid impasto. "She [his mother] was a natural storyteller. She understood the play of precise unexpected detail upon a larger mystery."

Or large upon small: either. That's Blaise, too. Listen with me awhile. Of Lou Greenwood, father: "His legs held the greatest fascination . . . veins pop to the surface and stay. The veins of his calves and even his shins were pencil-thick and congested, aimless as rivers that had lost their mission. . . . The pattern of deep pores on his nose and forehead was like something plucked. Yet his skin was clear, like pigskin or fine leather, like whorls or knots that nature cuts in wood." Or of America: "Cities were like spiders curled in their web, with the smaller, irregular counties clinging to them and the larger, more regular parcels flung far away. Like those boxy Western states, as though no one who lived that far away was worth much intricacy, just a few convenient notches, like Nebraska's or Utah's, amateurish carpentry to make a tighter fit." Blaise can abbreviate the world through metaphor; or explode minutiae to an absolute. But always he will stop just when the natural, by overinspection, would become grotesque.

X and O, circle, graph, arrow: this novel asks to be diagrammed out. Apollonian and Dionysiac. Platonic-Aristotelian. Name your specialty: male/female schemata, say, in the primeval Hebrew Tree of Light. Blaise has a penetrative, playful intelligence. There are freighted emblems here: moon, color, archaeology, indeterminate gender, name change. Mother, a clairvoyant; father, an athlete: David, the shallow end of both gene pools. Blaise has indicated just enough to tease academic criticism: and to protect it momentarily from a shock somewhat worse than discovering, early in life, that one's parents are adoptive.

Yet the most provocative aspect of *Lunar Attractions* is its un-novel-likeness. Each segment, though placed in a rough and serial chronology, appears separate: more a discrete short story than a chapter-part. And perhaps the novel gestated so: as a collection. His pacing feels erratic: intense, pedestrian; irrelevant, specific; perigee, apogee: just a child's growing up in mid-Florida, then in some unnamed border-state city. At one point you will doubt: Can this be pertinent? But Blaise's management of his primordial thematic reservoir—man/woman, sun/moon, reason/mysticism—is so pervasive that a whole will abruptly be *there*. I attribute this to magic: or to some law so intricate—the cosmic fiat behind DNA, for instance—that it approaches a terrific, unconscious drive. Slow, fast. Recapitulative, immediate. Blaise's narration can grip and release, with that peculiar, irresistible valve-open, valve-shut technique of orgasm: a seduction: an intelligent rape.

Lunar Attractions is my nominee for the 1979 National Book Award in fiction. □

ANTI-HEROES

Karl Marx: An Intimate Biography
By Saul K. Padover
McGraw-Hill, 667 pp., $18.95

A VICTORIAN LIFE

RICHARD BROOKHISER

This is the 12,379th biography of Karl Marx. I have no reference handy, so I made the figure up; but I'm sure it's on the low side. Professor Padover's bibliography notes that 456 books and articles about Marx were published in 1968 alone (he graciously forbears to list them).

Yet in all this welter, there is relatively little about the man. Marx is praised as a prophet, damned as a de-

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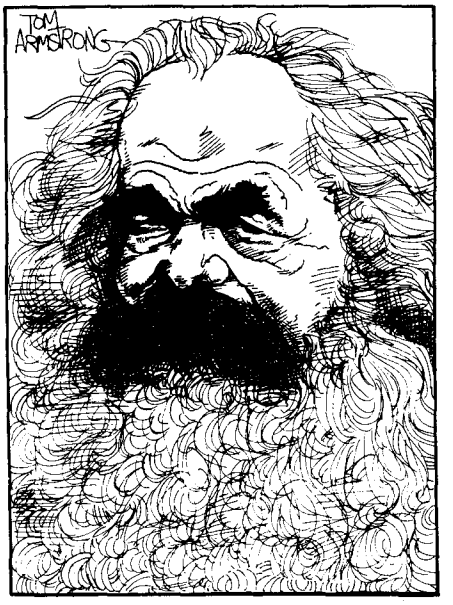
mon, or ignored like a talus at the base of his ideology (the first standard biography skimmed over his family, religion, youth, and early education in a dozen paragraphs). *Karl Marx: An Intimate Biography* undertakes to provide, in one volume and without bias, the details that an intelligent reader would like to know, and hasn't been getting.

Here are some of the things we learn.

Marx was born in 1818 in Trier, near the French border, the son of a German lawyer and a Dutchwoman. Both parents were the children of rabbis, but Heinrich Marx had traded his faith for Voltaire and Rousseau. One night when Karl was 16, the members of the Trier Casino Society, to which Heinrich belonged, became boisterous, sang the "Marseillaise," and kissed the Tricolor. Spies reported the matter to Berlin, and several of the imprudent burghers were charged with treason; but the local court refused to convict.

Marx passed through the Trier Gymnasium, wrote essays such as "The Union of the Faithful with Christ" ("rich in thought," his teacher commented, "glowing, forceful"), and betrothed himself to the pretty daughter of a minor aristocrat. He spent a year at Bonn University, spent too much money, and was wounded in the right eye in a student duel; he then went to Berlin, where he wrote a short play on the "philosophical-dialectical development of the godhead as it manifests itself as the concept itself." His father complained of "disorderliness . . . unkempt hair . . . senseless and pointless erudition."



OUT OF COLLEGE, Marx took over the *Rheinische Zeitung*, struggled with censorship, and published two poems. He and Jenny von Westphalen were married in a Protestant church; and after a honeymoon at the Rheinpfalz, the young husband began a pair of critical essays, on Hegel and on Jews.

In 1843 Marx moved to Paris where he met his first workers—"nobility," he wrote, "shines from the labor-hardened faces." He also attended the soirées of the Countess Marie d'Agoult, along with Chopin, Ingres, and Heinrich Heine. Heine visited the Marxes shortly after the birth of their first child, only to find the baby wailing and the parents bewildered. "The child needs a bath," the poet declared, and gave it one. In Paris, Marx also met Friedrich Engels, the handsome son of a textile manufacturer. Engels went to England to work in his father's firm in Manchester; he kept two houses there (one for propriety's sake, one for his Irish mistress), but found "haggling . . . abominable."

In 1845, the Marxes were expelled to Belgium, where they acquired the domestic services of Helene Demuth, who advised Marx on politics and beat him at chess. By 1849, Marx had been arrested in both Belgium and France, and the family moved for the last time, to London. There Engels gave them money, and agreed to take credit for Marx's bastard son by Helene. Marx wrote articles for the *New York Daily Tribune* and worked ten-hour days in the British Museum, reading (among other things) *The Economist*.

Illness and enemies assailed him. Three children died in infancy, and Marx himself suffered lung abscesses, a liver disorder, eye and ear infections, toothaches, pleurisies, carbuncles, furuncles, and hemorrhoids. Marx sued the *Daily Telegraph* (whose editors he described as "Polack Jews" writing "shit"), and sent a letter to the *Times*. When suffragettes took over the American chapter of the International, Marx attacked them as "middle-class humbugs and worn-out Yankee swindlers." *Das Kapital*, meanwhile, sold distressingly slowly. "If the working people had any conception of the sacrifices that were necessary to complete this work, which was written for them & in their interest," complained his wife in 1867, "they would perhaps show somewhat greater interest."

In lighter moments, Marx picnicked on Hampstead Heath, played horse with his grandson, and planned a history of differential calculus. But disease was inexorable. Marx sought relief at Karlsbad, Algiers, Monte Carlo—vainly. In 1883, he died. Among the telegrams of condolence there was one from the students of the Petrovsky Agricultural Academy, Moscow.

In short, a typical nineteenth century life—or one typical kind. If Marx wasn't quite Archdeacon Grantly, he also wasn't Nikolai Stavrogin. If told he were fictional, I would assign him to Stendahl. There must have been hundreds like him—cranky, rebellious geniuses, playing their dramas against the backdrop of bourgeois normality.

And this raises the only quibble I as a non-specialist had with *Karl Marx*. "To me," Padover explains in the author's note, "Marx is worth knowing as a towering, vastly learned, and extraordinarily gifted man who had his share of suffering." Learned, yes; gifted, yes; suffering—also yes. But "towering"?

SINCE "Marxism" keeps half the world in order and hundreds of scholars busy, it may seem impertinent even to raise the question. Still, it's hard to say what the success of Marxism had to do with Marx. The First International, which he dominated, died before he did. The parties founded by his closest followers no longer know his name. Marx's reputation twines and blooms in the reflected glory of an event he did not predict, led by men he never met—the Russian Revolution.

Other thinkers besides Karl Marx, of course, have relied on disciples for survival. But not all disciples are thinkers. Socrates had Plato. Marx had the Bolshevik faction of the Russian Social Democratic Workers' Party, allied with the mutineers from the Petrograd garrison under the command of Trotsky. Never has the fate of a philosopher depended more totally on the fortunes of bullies and bayonet-carriers. If Kolchak and Deniken had been a shade more sprightly, Marx would be relegated to survey courses, in the company of Stirner and Feuerbach.

Even the Soviets do not seem to

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need him. In the last years of Stalin's reign, the organs of propaganda suddenly turned on Engels. Since doomed men in Communist countries are traditionally softened up by attacking their underlings, some felt Marx was next. Stalin's death may have saved the subject of Padover's book.

It is proper that Marx's stature as a thinker should depend on the eddyings of history and politics, for those are the gods he worshipped. "Philosophers," he wrote in 1845, "have only interpreted the world in various ways. the point, however, is to change it"—which has meant, in practice, that "philosophers" have sold out to the changers. Marx was not alone in his faith. Half the nineteenth century shared it, and most of ours as well. Consider only the reaction of the "educated" to Nazism. Many intellectuals, of course, were already betrothed to the Left; but the list of those of the remainder who were taken with Hitler, in one way or another—including both collaborators and the merely infatuated—is long and glittering, and includes one Nobel Prize-winner, one former Prime Minister of England, and Germany's greatest twentieth century philosopher. If Nazi Germany had somehow survived the Second World War, can anyone doubt that our universities would be swarming with Wagnerians and Chamberlainites?

Power-worship begins with contempt for truth. Since the Greeks discovered it, truth has seemed to those who believe in it both fragile and imperishable: its votaries may die; but it sits in the lap of the gods. When this faith faded, forces (armed and historical) become irresistible.

Such serious illnesses require more than a salve of facts. Yet facts are refreshing, especially when they concern one of the disease's chief symptoms. *Karl Marx: An Intimate Biography* is a welcome (if unintended) sign of health. □

The Bunker
By James P. O'Donnell
Houghton Mifflin, 339 pp., $13.95

THE TRUE HITLER

NORBERT MUHLEN

The more than a dozen attempts to kill Hitler during his 12-year dictatorship all failed—thanks to Providence, as he himself frequently boasted. Others, in turn, were led to question the workings of Providence, since, for every day his good luck enabled him to survive, it brought misery and death to countless innocents. James P. O'Donnell's book, although it is a factual, colorful report on the unhappy ending of Hitler and his Reich rather than a treatise on theodicy, might supply an answer: almost certainly, Hitler's death by tyrannicide would have brought forth the legend of a superman who would have won his war and realized all his visions of Aryan glory had he not been stabbed in the back by a traitor.

Instead, Hitler left the world as an anti-hero, a man unable to face failure, destroyed by the demons within himself, sick in body, mind, and soul, as addicted to his daily drug injections as to his imperial dreams. Hiding out in the warren of tiny cubicles deep down in the cellar of his Chancellery, while enemy troops surrounded him and Berlin burned, he continued to send battle orders to German armies that had ceased to exist, and cursed the German people with all the venomous hatred that he had previously hurled at "international Jewry," "American plutocrats," and the aristocracy. In his extremity, Hitler annihilated his own myth. As Claus Graf Schenk von Stauffenberg remarked in July 1944 before he paid with his life for his assassination plot against the Führer, "Hitler in the bunker, that is the true Hitler."

James P. O'Donnell is particularly well qualified to explore the events that brought the life and times of Hitler to an inglorious end. He was serving as a captain in the U.S. Army's Signal Corps in Berlin immediately after the fall and was one of the first Americans to set foot in the "Führer bunker." He remained a close observer of the German past and present as *Newsweek*'s first postwar German bureau chief, and, later, as a brilliant foreign correspondent for the old *Saturday Evening Post* and as special advisor to General Lucius D. Clay's mission to Berlin after the erection of the Wall—right next to the empty lot where the Reich Chancellery had stood. O'Donnell presents, for the first time, the full and fascinating story of what went on below the Chancellery during the Führer's finale, which, with a particularly ill-chosen cliché, American hack historians still insist on calling a Götterdämmerung, as if the participants had been gods and heroes.

O'Donnell's work is not the first account of those terminal weeks. When—authenticated proof to the contrary notwithstanding—Stalin tried to keep alive the suspicion that Hitler had survived and was being hidden in the British occupation zone, as *Izvestia* reported late in 1945, British Intelligence immediately assigned one of its academic draftees, the historian Hugh Trevor-Roper, to round up witnesses to Hitler's suicide; his report, *The Last Days of Hitler*, published in 1947, left little doubt that Hitler had indeed killed himself. But only a few of the bunker's former inmates were available to Trevor-Roper (most of them had already been rounded up by the Russians and were destined to spend a decade in the Gulag Archipelago); and one of the few witnesses he was able to find admitted to O'Donnell thirty years later that she had told her British interrogators what she believed they wanted to hear rather than her truthful recollections, and that her comrades had done likewise.

But O'Donnell, starting his research in the early 1970s, was able to track down more than a hundred of the 250 men and women who had shared Hitler's last abode, and he interviewed in depth more than one-fifth of them—from aides-de-camp and SS generals to switchboard operators, nurses, pilots, dentists, doctors, secretaries, valets—as well as the last visitors from the outside, including Armaments Minister Albert Speer, whose attempt to end the night-

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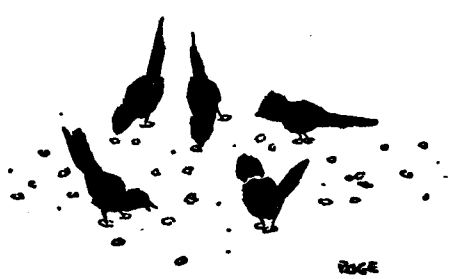
mare by filtering poison gas into the subterranean hideout was frustrated by an accident (or, rather, Providence) at the last minute, like all the previous plots. Speer is one of the few *dramatis personae* who seem able to look back upon their past roles with a self-critical eye; most of the others come out as a rather shabby bunch of social misfits, petty opportunists, or stupid automatons following the orders of a cult leader who had hypnotic powers over minds as disturbed as his own.

Yet even their stories, as O'Donnell has dug them up, far surpass in suspense the whole crop of mystery novels that are published in this country at the rate of at least one a month to entertain their readers with silly fantasies of surviving, scheming Nazis. There was even a spy in the bunker who up to the very last days fed information about the most secret goings-on in the Reich Chancellery to Allied intelligence. Everybody in the bunker tried frantically but vainly to identify the leak. O'Donnell has now succeeded in tracking her down: she was the Irish wife of a Hungarian diplomat and also the mistress of one of Hitler's top aides—who, in turn, happened to be married to the sister of Hitler's mistress, Eva Braun.

The bizarre wedding of Hitler and Eva Braun took place in the bunker where, a few days later, both committed suicide, followed by the double suicide of Hitler's myth-maker Joseph Goebbels and his wife after they murdered their six young children, also in the bunker. But most of the other paladins merely tried to eliminate each other, like members of hostile Mafia families, and to save their own hides: by offering a separate peace to the Soviets or, like Himmler, to the Allies; or simply by escaping from their underground prison. Woven into O'Donnell's great historical tale, their stories add up to a declaration of moral bankruptcy, which is the essence and the end of totalitarian dictatorships. □



AMERICANA

Reaching for Paradise: The Playboy Vision of America
By Thomas Weyr
New York Times Books, 323 pp., $12.50

TASTEFULLY DONE

M. J. SOBRAN

Somebody should write a book about this book. Thomas Weyr is one of those people (maybe the only one) who would subscribe to *Playboy* if the women were dressed: would, in fact, like it better. He takes the Playboy enterprise seriously: the Playboy "vision" of America. He makes for it roughly the case Socrates made for his own teaching—that far from corrupting, it imparts wisdom to youth. Of course, it depends on how you define wisdom.

Playboy, as all the world knows, began when the young Hugh Hefner, a former *Esquire* functionary and failed cartoonist, built a new magazine around the famous Marilyn Monroe calendar, rights to which he acquired for a measly $500. Within three years of its first issue (which appeared in 1953), *Playboy* had a circulation of more than 500,000; eventually it was to peak at over seven million. By now its soft-porn rivals have capitalized on the freedom Hefner made possible and have stolen much of the market. The line between the soft and hard forms is also, predictably, fading.

Weyr tells us a lot about *Playboy*'s early years and its internal workings. The key to it all is Hefner's earnestness. He was a genuine postwar middle-class middle-American optimist, a McCarthy-era Horatio Alger. (Weyr compares him to Norman Rockwell—a shrewd insight.) He really thought girls *should* be naked, and the leer of "playboy" is offset by the innocence of "playmate." Eventually he got very solemn about this, and began rattling off the interminable Playboy Philosophy, the essence of which is that the body is good and anyone who says otherwise is a puritan. If flaws lurk in this happy *Weltanschauung*, they weren't evident to the college kids and young executives of the late Fifties and early Sixties, who were about the only ones who admitted they read the magazine. Hefner delivered his message in the triumphant tone of the kind of genial reductionist who used to have the last word in all the frat-house bull sessions. As Chesterton said of Dickens, he didn't give the people what they wanted: he wanted what the people wanted. Hefner was the sage of liberated puberty.

But there was another side to him and his enterprise, and Weyr presents it all without quite grasping it. Hefner always insisted (nobody believed him) that *Playboy* was about "the whole man," the good life (though not as Socrates would have understood it, Socrates being a scion of the puritan tradition), and that sex was only part—an integral and unabashed part, to be sure—of the project. The whole man was always white-collar man, commercial man, man on the make. The consumer goods were always status symbols, and *Playboy* was from the start a success manual, advising the whole man on clothes, food, wine, cars, stereos, sex, and more. In a word, "taste," understood as not looking gauche.

Playboy's "whole man" is really the man who uses the right fork, lays the right girls, and for the right reasons. He is successful when he can take his date into a fancy restaurant without fearing the waiter's contempt. He never looks ridiculous. His wholeness consists in emitting social signals that do not betray his origins. The point of the consumer advice is not that you'll enjoy the right stuff if you consume it, but that you'll look classy to those who *see* you consume it. You'll get rid of that diffident, apologetic demeanor that always comes over you when you're aware of being out of your class.

And "class" is another key word. Hefner lacked it and knew he lacked it. Weyr shows how he imported hired help who could impart it to *Playboy*: Victor Lownes III, A. C. Spectorsky. A patriotic Chicagoan, Hefner was made especially class-conscious by New York, which he has always put down (and turned to for talent). Words like "taste," "class," "respectability," "coarse," "snobbism," "sophistication," and "big time" give Weyr's book its depressing flavor, and explain what Hefner was up to. He knew what he had to do to stay in business, but he also aimed higher. One

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employee from the early years recalls that Hefner "said that tits and ass tastefully done sold the magazine. Add all the Bertrand Russells you want, and they won't sell one extra copy." But Spectorsky soon brought him around, which in a way is why Hefner had hired him: to teach *Playboy* taste and class, to give it sophistication, to bring it into the big time. These are the things *Playboy* in turn promised to do for its readers. It offered itself as a social Charles Atlas course, a running guide to self-improvement.

Weyr contends it succeeded. He admits the meretriciousness of its consumerism and deplores its degradation of women, but he sees the magazine as redeemed by its late-Sixties transformation into a raised-consciousness vehicle of civil rights and antiwar causes. It reached campus and PX, popularizing enlightenment, and liberals should give it credit. Not only had it published literary class like Nabokov and Mailer: from the mid-Sixties on it published political class like Galbraith, Fulbright, Russell, Toynbee, and Tynan, not to mention interviews with Norman Thomas, Ramsey Clark, William Sloane Coffin, and George McGovern.

BUT WHAT Weyr doesn't perceive is that the politics were of a piece with the consumerism: "taste" as applied to global matters. By the time Hefner discovered politics, it was imperative for the audience he addressed to be able to chatter plausibly about these things: politics had invaded manners. Free speech. Civil rights. Overpopulation. Peace. China. Abortion. These topics could come up even in a fancy restaurant, and they certainly came up on campuses. Opinions on them became important badges of breeding. As Dr. Johnson said, every man of education would rather be called a rascal than accused of deficiency in the graces. The Playboy Philosophy offered a rascal's graces in amorous matters. The Galbraiths performed a similar function in political affairs. It was a new cant: opinions, like women, were becoming consumer goods. Weyr's own prose makes Hefner's read like Nietzsche, and if he has failed to perceive what really happened, that may be because he is part of it. □

FILM

WOMAN OF VAPORS, MAN OF STONE

JOHN SIMON

The National Society of Film Critics has picked as best film of the past year Bertrand Blier's *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*. Now, I realize that 1978 was a disaster year for movies, and that the Blier film made it as a compromise to keep some other films, which various reviewers found even more hateful, from winning. Under the circumstances no film should have been proclaimed worthy, but, perhaps by analogy with politics, some candidate always gets elected, be he ever so questionable.

Blier's first film, *Going Places*, was an offensive piece of misogynistic claptrap, celebrating the alliance of two thoroughly worthless petty criminals at the expense of the bourgeois world, particularly its females. Blier's next, evidently, was so appalling that it sank *before* it could cross the ocean. *Handkerchiefs*, his third, is less overtly woman-hating and antisocial, but the basic stance of *Going Places* is present in a somewhat disguised or diluted form.

The film brings back, in similar roles, the louts from *Going Places*, Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere. Depardieu is married to pretty Carole Laure, who is bored with existence and, more particularly, with her marital bed. So Depardieu picks up a likely stranger (Dewaere), in hopes that the latter will be able to arouse his spouse's dormant sexuality; but these piquantly extramarital efforts prove equally soporific to Miss Laure. Another chap fails no less egregiously. Only a 13-year-old boy of genius IQ is capable of arousing Miss Laure's desire, and she sets up housekeeping with him. Depardieu and Dewaere, whom thwarted passion has briefly landed in jail, can merely look in wistfully through the window at Miss Laure's infantile bliss. Then, cursing, they depart.

Never mind the homosexual implications in the Depardieu-Dewaere relationship; never mind the film's general misanthropy; never mind even the paucity of genuine laughs in an alleged comedy. What is truly worrisome is that Blier makes not the slightest attempt to explain, even in farcical terms, what caused Miss Laure's frigidity and ennui, or why it dissolves at the touch of an adolescent. The boy's alleged genius is not conveyed by Blier's script or direction, and still less by the boy's acting, personality, or looks. And nothing is more absurd than the intelligence test by which Miss Laure demonstrates the boy's superior IQ to her adult lovers: he can draw a tree, whereas they can't. This has no humorous, satirical, psychological, or any other kind of value; yet it is a key incident in the movie and characteristic of *its* general IQ.

What emerges from *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs* is that a) women are capricious, weird, utterly inscrutable creatures whom men cannot even begin to satisfy; b) what can truly fulfill a woman is a crunchy 13-year-old boy virgin —in fact, a typical pederastic taste; and c) men are finally safer going off into the night together, sans female encumbrances. Of scarcely lesser interest is the theme of a man sharing his woman with a male friend—according to psychoanalysis, a *locus classicus* of covert homosexuality. When I asked Blier whether he considered it fair to interpret his films in clinical terms, he answered, with engaging candor, that such an interpretation most likely is relevant. Which raises the question of why a film that is not particularly funny, that flagrantly falsifies heterosexual relations, and that is ultimately insulting to women should win rave reviews, prizes, and an Oscar nomination.

Equally unrelated to any existential truth, though in a different way, is Paul Schrader's *Hardcore*. This is the story of a Grand Rapids furniture manufacturer (George C. Scott), a staunch Calvinist, whose daughter winds up, through a series of nebulous circumstances, making hardcore pornographic movies in Southern California. When a sleazy private detective (Peter Boyle) proves no better than the police at tracking her down, Scott himself goes out to Los Angeles and searches for his daughter high and low—or, rather, low

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and lower—through the world of porn filmmaking, massage parlors, prostitution, etc. By pretending to produce a homosexual porn film, he tracks down one of the actors in a movie the girl is in; then, with the help of a young prostitute (Season Hubley), he finally finds his daughter in San Francisco, now the mistress of an utterly vile producer of snuff films (in which sadistic murders are actually perpetrated). Boyle kills the escaping villain—highly unlikely for a mere private eye to do, for both legal and psychological reasons—and Scott is at last alone with his wayward daughter. She calls him a disgusting creep (in language much worse than this), proclaims her love for her producer-pimp, and refuses to go back to her allegedly loveless home. A minute later, however, she is lovingly reconciled with her daddy and obediently follows him. And Scott, who promised Miss Hubley that he would help get her out of her unsavory life, fumbles a feeble attempt at help, then leaves her in the lurch.

CLEARLY, the two key relationships in *Hardcore* are Scott's with his daughter and Scott's with the young hooker who becomes a kind of surrogate daughter to him while they search together—she doing it for the money at first, then out of a certain respect for Scott.

Take the first relationship. In the early sequences of the film, life in a Midwestern Calvinist family is presented as warm, congenial, full of heartening solidarity. There is no indication whatsoever that the teenaged daughter could have any reason for resenting her father. The vital scenes of how she is recruited for hardcore work, and how and why she takes to it, are simply omitted. So her final rejection of a seemingly splendid father makes—in the film's terms, at least—no sense at all. And, given that rejection, her prompt reversal makes even less sense: it is having both a tough, realistic ending and a nice upbeat ending at one foul swoop.

Now take the Scott-Hubley nexus. She belongs to the Venusian Cult, he is a pillar of the Dutch Reformed Church. They talk about their religious beliefs without affecting each other. She tries to have sex with him, which he easily refuses. It emerges in a conversation that his wife left him, presumably because of his lack of concern for her sexual well-being, but very little is made of this. Finally, when Miss Hubley has become more of a daughter to him than his real daughter, Scott nevertheless ditches her. Throughout the movie, he is preposterously invulnerable, resourceful, efficient, indomitable. Yet, somehow, even he is made out to be an emotional failure. Nobody learns anything from anyone.

SCHRADER has stated that the film is a tribute to his Calvinist father, but it is an equivocal tribute at best. Despite some possibly authentic glimpses into California's sexual underworld, it does not go deeply enough into character; it cannot show people in the process of changing—it can only show them having undergone sensational turnabouts, or rubbing shoulders without rubbing off on each other. The notion that Scott could impersonate a swinging middle-aged producer of homosexual hardcore is totally unbelievable. A man with the requisite flexibility and wit could never be such a rigid Calvinist at his hard, inflexible core. Except for illustrating Schrader's love-hate for his origins and, I suspect, an unhealthy curiosity about a morbid world (there is no real understanding for its victims save for a superficial pat on Miss Hubley's back), the film has no human, truth-telling value. In a supposedly earnest, artistic film, can the lack of sympathetic insight and the mechanistic manipulation of character be so readily forgiven as the mostly respectful reviews imply? Perhaps our critics could themselves use a dose of Calvinism. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ELEGANT NIGHTMARES: *The English Ghost Story from Le Fanu to Blackwood, by Jack Sullivan (Ohio University Press, 155 pp., $12).* The ghost story, or tale of the supernatural, is not, one should concede, highly esteemed by everyone. The late H. R. Wakefield, an "undeservedly obscure" practitioner of the craft, was once the recipient of an angry letter from an unhappy reader to this effect: "Why concern yourself with such inane tripe? Why waste a small talent on this bogusness? You're capable of better, saner things." Countless others, like this reviewer, share no such prejudice; and *Elegant Nightmares*, judgments of particular writers or stories aside, is our kind of book. Its author has an obvious relish for the genre; his study is delightfully and humorously written and is based upon an enormous body of literature, to which he has given much careful thought. Above all, he eschews the more tortured psychological explanations as to why we read these stories. After all, "that we enjoy them is enough. The reasons remain as perverse and mysterious as the stories themselves." Beyond the acknowledged masters like Sheridan Le Fanu, M. R. James, and Algernon Blackwood, Sullivan surveys a variety of lesser-known writers through the years. And though his emphasis is on Victorian and Edwardian writers, he points up the contributions of Russell Kirk and other "absurdly neglected" present-day writers in this tradition. Not since Howard Phillips Lovecraft's *Supernatural Horror in Literature*, written over fifty years ago, has there been a work of similar scope and imagination.

MICHAEL CONNORS

A RECKONING, *by May Sarton (Norton, 254 pp., $9.95), and* SELECTED POEMS OF MAY SARTON, *edited by Serena Sue Hilsinger and Lois Brynes (Norton, 193 pp., $9.95).* In May Sarton's *A Reckoning*, Laura Spelman learns she has inoperable cancer, then realizes how ill-prepared she is to cope with death. She wants to take stock of her life, clear away the non-essential. Oddly enough, most of her family and friends turn out to be just that; but she finds it impossible to abstract herself from others in the process of dying. "The web of human relations entangles and nourishes at the same time." She finds her real connections with women, sorting out ambivalent feelings toward her domineering mother, her sisters, her lifelong friend. In establishing these connections, Laura sees that being a woman is far more complex and difficult than being a man, and this understanding becomes the beginning of her "letting go" of life. Miss Sarton handles this delicate subject gracefully, absorbing the reader in Laura's turmoil without depressing him. She touches on the indignities of dying, the cruelty of hospitals, the spirit trapped inside the body's broken shell, the fact that only the living can be healed by love—the dying must separate themselves from love. In *A Reckoning*, Laura is forced into these realizations; Miss Sarton already has come to terms with death's immediacy, as she reveals in her recently published *Selected Poems*. "Departure is the constant at this stage; / And all we know is that we cannot stop." But she does not dwell on death. Her poetry flows with the emotion of daily routines—smooth and calm, reassuring in its lack of extremes. Tableaux of life come alive in her poems; she records events and scenes with a painter's eye. She draws her metaphors from nature, whose cycle of creation and recreation she celebrates. If humanity could learn to let go "as trees let go / Their leaves, so casually," May Sarton convinces us, love would endure.

LAURIE PROTHRO

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

IF YOU WANT to know what America may soon become, a review of events in the United Kingdom is recommended. Granted differences of pace and legal substance, developments in the two societies reveal a number of distressing similarities.

The current state of affairs in Britain is detailed with verve and clarity by Rhodes Boyson, MP, in *Center Forward: A Radical Conservative Program* (Temple Smith, 37 Great Russell Street, London WC1; £2.25). Dr. Boyson provides a well documented overview of the British welfare state, its costs to the political Center in terms of taxes and associated burdens, and the factors that brought the problem into being.

He describes a vast machinery of government which routinely absorbs some 60 per cent of national income (up from 44 per cent in 1964) and engages in deficit finance *cum* systematic inflation that has seen the money supply expand at rates as high as 27 per cent a year. As these data imply, Whitehall is involved in myriad acts of subsidy and regulation, including not only the nationalized industries (railroads, coal, etc.), but also health care, housing, education, welfare.

As huge as this machinery may seem, elements in British society are clamoring for more. In particular, the powerful trade-union movement continues to insist upon, and get, additional interventions in industrial relations. These have become so numerous and complex that it is difficult for management to lay off employees for good cause, introduce new machinery, or press for greater production from the work force. The result has been to put Britain at the end of the line in terms of productivity advance among the industrial nations of the West.

The political dynamics of the process also revolve around the unions, which have become the most powerful force in British government. Just how powerful is suggested by John Burton of Kingston Polytechnic (London) in *The Trojan Horse* (Adam Smith Institute, P.O. Box 374, Leesburg, Va. 22075; $3). Burton traces the increasing centralization of Britain's traditionally fragmented labor movement, the high density of unionization that now prevails in many industries (60 per cent or more is not uncommon), and the willingness of the unions to use their economic muscle to attain political advantage.

Their effectiveness in this regard is greatly enhanced by their interlock with the ruling Labor Party, at this point little more than the political arm of the union movement. This interlock has opened the government up to explicit pressure from Marxist trade-unionists and made it susceptible to blackmail by the most radical elements in the nation. It has also produced a series of enactments exempting the unions from restraint of law, permitting them to engage in open violations of contract and acts of coercion forbidden to other members of society.

THE RUNAWAY POWER of the unions has sapped the strength of the British economy, but the more serious consequence may be its threat to personal liberty. Under legislation passed by the Labor government, the unions are now pressing for acceptance of closed-shop contracts and demanding dismissal of workers who refuse to join. The implications of this procedure for one especially vulnerable profession, journalism, are spelled out by Nora Beloff (former political correspondent of *The Observer*) in *Freedom under Foot* (Temple Smith, £4).

Mrs. Beloff's title is a play on the name of Michael Foot, the Labor minister who pushed the closed-shop bill through Parliament, paving the way for the compulsory unionization of journalists. In a blow-by-blow account of how this legislation was enacted, the author reveals the authoritarian mindset of the unions and their allies. Her description of union pressures against dissenting journalists makes clear the fashion in which such economic regimentation can be used for purposes of political repression. ☐

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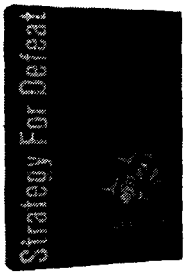

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BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 486)

try, Watts had the effect of focusing national attention on the needs of black Americans. The riots in Soweto have similarly jolted white consciences in South Africa. However, there are few objective grounds for establishing that white South Africans had in the past been abnormally unsolicitous of the poorer classes. That not enough is done for those who need help is the old, old story—everywhere, regardless of race. The riots were not justified by the material conditions. And yet . . . and yet: if it is calumny to speak of Soweto as a slum, or as a vicious fruit of white racism, the riots there did signal that black patience with the *spiritual* indignities of apartheid had snapped.

The tragedy rests in what, to the Afrikaner farmer and bureaucrat, may appear to be a paradox. Wretched living conditions are inflammable causes of civil unrest, but ten thousand magnificently endowed Sowetos would in no way suffice to still the outrage. In South Africa, we're not dealing merely with the syndrome of "rising expectations."

It's less than forty years since reverent descendants of the *trekboers* raised the stones of that temple outside Pretoria in tribute to their tribal identity, their Calvinist purity, their white-Dutch supremacy, and their God-given right to sole possession of the land. Ozymandias. Times have irrevocably changed. That sole right to possession is challenged. That supremacy, won by the sword, may be contested afresh by the sword. The times are running out. And the stubborn, stiff-necked, provincial Afrikaners know it, some of them. The hardshell attitude of even the National Party is moderating. There is progressive, though slow and limited, desegregation. Africans in white zones are now able to own, sell, and bequeath their houses and business premises. The government has pledged itself to eliminating wage inequalities based on race, and there is growing political participation by blacks on all levels. Rhodesia has been given up as a buffer state. South West Africa, another buffer, is about to be relinquished. But can there ever be true accommodation between the tribes of South Africa, white and black? Not perhaps until, stone for stone, that temple to the sin of pride is torn down. □

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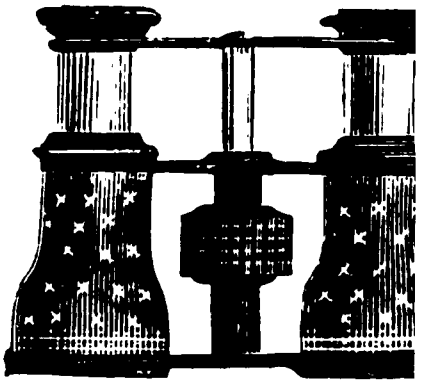

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Israel: The Doubters

On The Right

Tel Aviv, March 21—It is on no account to be understood that all Israelis believe that Sadat has successfully performed a prefrontal lobotomy on the Egyptian people, or submitted to one himself; or, indeed, that the Egyptians are any less suspicious of some of the imperatives of Zionism as understood by some of its exegetes. Consider, for instance, Samuel Katz.

Katz was born in Johannesburg, in 1914, but his heart was always in Palestine. By the time he and his boss and best friend, Menahem Begin, entered the Knesset, Katz had fought with the Irgun terrorists, had edited a Jewish paper in London. Now he has broken with Begin, whose private counselor he once was, over the issue of the peace treaty.

It is Katz's contention that the Israelis are letting themselves in for one of the biggest swindles of the century. He quotes from memory some of the great bellicose statements of Sadat. He cites Article 6 of the treaty, which would appear to commit Egypt to collaborate with any other Arab country in a military venture. What kind of military venture? "'Well,'" Katz quotes Egyptian Foreign Minister Ghali speaking last December, "'such a military venture as engaged the Arab world in 1948.' But in 1948 the Arab world joined together to try to destroy Israel!" How does one counter such arguments?

One is better off citing other Israelis, on the assumption that Israelis' concern for Israeli security exceeds that of anyone else, with the possible exception of Americans running for mayor of New York. Professor Shlomo Avineri is usefully quoted at this point because, as a political scientist at Hebrew University who has intensely studied the history of Israel and participated in its struggles, it was he who said only four years ago, "If I read the Arab policy correctly, their refusal to accept a Jewish body politic in the Middle East is almost absolute."

That "almost" saved him: because Avineri, taking issue with Katz, does believe that Sadat—and by Sadat he means also Egypt—has c-h-a-n-g-e-d. Change does happen. Avineri reminds us that, as recently as two years ago, anyone in Israel caught talking about the "legitimate aspirations of the Palestinians" would have been boycotted; anyone doing so in the presence of Menahem Begin would probably have been shot. And who is using that phrase now? Begin.

And consider, Avineri goes on, the matter of giving up the Sinai. It is a major concession, he says: but it does not follow that that loss imperils Israel. "This will disappoint many Israelis and many of my friends in America, but my personal conclusion is that from the point of view of Israel's defense, the 1967 borders were the most defensible. In 1967, from those borders, we won our most stunning victory. In 1973, from our existing borders, we were very nearly extinguished."

But the larger point, Avineri and the majority of Israelis feel, is that the text of the treaty, the wrangling about Article 6—all of this will be forgotten if a *relationship* begins, the manifest advantages of which give effective life to the treaty. Nobody can remember the terms of the treaty between the United States and Canada respecting the frontier: which is the best kind of treaty. Avineri—and Begin, and the overwhelming majority of the cabinet—believes that Sadat has in fact changed. That the man who came to Jerusalem and stood at attention while the Israeli national anthem was being played is not a Trojan horse. But should it prove that he, or his successor, were once again to commit aggression, it is the Israeli position that aggression would be met with force. Decisive force. The gamble, viewed in this way, is the loss of the Sinai, in return for the possibility of a pacific southern frontier. It is a good gamble.

One asks: Don't the exertions of Mr. Carter, which qualify him as midwife in one of the most protracted deliveries in diplomatic history, reassure Israelis, in the sense that the obligation of the United States is manifest? Here there is, at last, unanimity: everyone agrees that, on the basis of the American record, the United States is unlikely to go to war for the single purpose of saving Israel. "It would require that the survival of Israel coincide with other necessary objectives, for instance maintaining Western access to oil." It is widely believed here that the Saudis secretly rejoice in Israel's existence, because on her account there is a conjunction of pressures to keep the great Russian bear at bay: the need for oil, and the sentimental ties to Israel. That is a powerful combination. But in the real world, the fatalistic Israelis will tell you, it is the oil that counts. Hard to gainsay. If Taiwan had proven reserves of two hundred billion barrels of oil, the chances are that General Carter would have found some Baptist imperative for continuing the mutal defense treaty.

This is the country where ululation was born. But the sound now is of confidence, and cheer, and self-esteem. □

MOVEMENT ON SALT

New York, Mar. 19—The news that Senator George McGovern is looking skeptically at the proposed SALT treaty is very important news. Senator McGovern was arguing heatedly in favor of SALT as recently as last December, and it was not very long ago that he proposed cutting the national defense budget by 40 per cent. That was during the same period when 49 out of fifty states rejected him for President. Senator McGovern is an intelligent man, and it is uncharitable to conclude that he is incapable of learning from experience.

Anyone who desires a count-by-count analysis of the SALT treaty, less those provisions of it which are not finally transacted, should get the February issue of *Commentary*, where Professor Eugene Rostow, former Under Secretary of State, does the kind of painstaking analysis of the technical arguments that one needs consistently to refresh oneself with. The same kind of thing Paul Nitze and other members of the Committee on the Present Danger have been doing so effectively. But beyond the analysis—which is to be handled with some care, because the arguments become extremely technical—it pays to remind ourselves of what it is we are

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trying to achieve. We are trying to achieve a) geopolitical equilibrium without b) nuclear war.

Mr. Rostow invites us to reflect on what it was we were promised by the enthusiasts for SALT I and detente. There is no retroactive vindication of SALT I, or of its political counterpart, unless we are better off in 1979 than we would have been without SALT I and detente. Concerning the latter, it is most merciful to comment that it is difficult to imagine in what way detente is working. The great tests of detente were: Would the Soviet Union abide by its promise to support the terms of the ceasefire in Vietnam in 1973?—to which the answer came quickly: No. The second test was: Would the Soviet Union abandon its ambition to dominate countries outside its vast and immediate sphere of influence? Answer, as we have seen in Afghanistan, Angola, Vietnam, and Ethiopia: No.

At the strategic level, we have found that the limitation on launch vehicles was almost surrealistically irrelevant. At the time of SALT I, the aggregate throw-weight of the Soviet ICBMs was twice that of the American force. In the Eighties—even without SALT II—it will be about four times as large. "The throw-weight of our own ICBMs is unchanged," Rostow reminds us, "and is not expected to change during the treaty." Have we saved money? No; we are gradually spending more and more, though not at the breakneck pace the Soviet Union is spending money. In other words, the "arms race" has not been seriously affected, except in the sense that that in which we perpetually excel—new technology, mass production—we are deprived of. It is even contemplated, although it is not yet set in concrete, that we would be deprived of the opportunity to rotate our bombs (the MAPS proposals) in order to dull any Soviet appetite for a pre-emptive attack against our fixed installations.

We are in the same mood, Rostow reflects, we found ourselves in during the Twenties and Thirties. In those days we had dreamed up the Washington Naval Treaty of 1922, whose terms we abided by while the Japanese and Germans took advantage of all the technicalities. During the 1930s, when we could easily have checked Hitler, we coasted—toward Pearl Harbor, Auschwitz, and Normandy. We are coasting today, under the rubric of that fetishistic view of arms control that causes superstitious men to suppose that if we can diminish arms, hostility reduces pari passu.

That is why the voice of George McGovern expressing skepticism is so very important. He has been the high priest of American-style pacifism. If he speaks out against the treaty, it is dead. If it dies, we may emerge from the mists of self-delusion. The replacement of Mr. Carter would almost certainly follow: either that, or a reversal which would be the diplomatic equivalent of Governor Brown's at the domestic level. The Soviet Union has managed to bring out all that is sycophantic in the American character. But in the American character there is also the Yankee trader. And it is time for him to take over from the ideologues. □

THE UN ON RHODESIA

New York, Mar. 16—Every time one concludes that the United Nations has exhausted its capacity to outrage, there is another meeting of the Security Council. This time around, the Security Council passed a resolution the metamorphosis of which is itself interesting. As originally proposed by seven members of the Council, the resolution called for two things. The first, that the UN refrain from sending representatives to Rhodesia to observe the elections scheduled for April 20. The second, that member states deny permission to non-governmental organizations to send observers.

One deduces that in the course of the discussion, someone reminded the proposers that here and there in the world are a few states which exercise no authority over what private organizations elect to observe or not to observe. That dizzying datum no doubt dismayed the most feverish critics of Rhodesia, whose struggle for the emancipation of Rhodesian blacks has so exhausted their idealistic energies that they have forgotten to emancipate their own citizens. Of the seven nations proposing the boycott of the elections, only one practices democracy of any recognizable form.

Recently, reports on life in Rhodesia have been published in a journal whose hostility to the regime of Ian Smith is legendary. In London's *Spectator*, columnist Richard West wrote that "It is now only a few months since Ian Smith's government abolished the last segregation laws with regard to schools, urban housing, bars, hotels, and the like. Yet now Rhodesia, pariah of Western civilization, enjoys far better racial relations than most countries in Africa and even some countries outside, notably Britain." He contrasts the civility and amiability of Rhodesia's race relations and the safety of its cities with those of England, to England's disadvantage.

Well, then, how did the enlightened Western superpowers behave at the Security Council? France, Great Britain, and the United States abstained. Once again, the Pontius Pilate vote. What the United States did, in effect, was to say: We do not desire to know what happens in Rhodesia on April 20 because we are pre-committed to turning the government over to Marxist terrorists, that being what black African leaders seem to want. It took those same leaders eight years to turn against Idi Amin. It will presumably take them that long to turn against President Robert Mugabe of Rhodesia—or will he style himself emperor, after the fashion of Bokassa, whose means of governing he is bound to emulate?

The opinion-makers in the United States will settle for nothing less than a Mussolini-type ending for Ian Smith and his advisors. Nothing appears to sadden our commentators more than any sign of racial progress initiated by whites. The estimable John Chancellor, on his television news program, greeted the abolition of the segregation laws with the comment that it does very little good to eliminate segregation laws when the fancy schools, restaurants, and hotels are beyond the economic reach of the black inhabitants of Rhodesia. But where is income irrelevant to access to the finest schools, hotels, and restaurants? Rhodesia's per capita income compares favorably with that of the African states that wage war against it. It would compare far more favorably if the West were to conclude its wrong-headed boycott. We live in an age when we boycott a nation struggling to achieve bi-racial constitutionalism, while extending (at last count) $40 billion of credit to the Soviet Union, which persecutes Jews and Christians and after 62 glorious years of experimentation has failed to come up with a single reliable human right, which—of course—is why it is never criticized by the Security Council of the United Nations, the mother-lode of contemporary diplomatic hypocrisy. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Severe pain — 30 34 4 150 180 105 115 161

B. Tularemia — 44 174 123 5 157 24 106

C. A lyochrome pigment from yeast — 72 11 82 16 156 43 76 107 91 126

D. The renewal of vital activities — 103 7 15 164 68 73 96 133 138 163 38 48

E. The cheapest fish bait — 112 148 17 25 1 137 46 8 129

F. Apparatus — 121 74 75 159 149 101 49 9 86

G. A stomach tube with a rotating center — 90 80 66 51 10 108 146 144

H. An elliptical red blood corpuscle — 94 120 2 179 31 56 85 160 104

I. I'VE WON TIP — 6 27 33 97 65 81 88 20 42

J. Clothed with a ceremonial robe — 130 109 64 124 12 147 18

K. The deviation of light in passing obliquely from one medium to another of different density — 158 14 35 47 83 50 71 78 102 110

L. People who dwelt near the water gate (not the Watergate!) — 165 152 13 26 127 41 134 111

M. A golf club — 45 140 176 162 32 125 52

N. To furnish with an income — 69 113 169 53 139

O. Where the Saviour raised the widow's mite — 23 57 63 84

P. A capital city — 79 168 95 116 114 19 28

Q. Lechuguilla fever — 3 171 21 58 141 100 136 153 131

R. Where motorists feed the kitty — 92 61 59 77 143 67 166 117 87

S. What Herbert Hoover did March 4, 1929 — 145 36 177 98 62 54 118 70

T. Pandiculation — 60 178 173 122 37 89 29

U. A vegetable that will bring tears to a poet's eyes — 155 128 39 170 135

V. Town in the Netherlands near West Germany — 167 154 40 172

W. Current goes through this to the motors of an electric locomotive — 99 151 55 119 93 175 22 132 142

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 500 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 E	2 H	3 Q		4 A	5 B	6 I	7 D	8 E	9 F	10 G	11 C	12 J	13 L		14 K	15 D
16 C	17 E		18 J	19 P	20 I	21 Q		22 W	23 O	24 B	25 E	26 L	27 I	28 P	29 T		30 A
31 H	32 M	33 I		34 A	35 K	36 S	37 T	38 D	39 U	40 V	41 L	42 I	43 C	44 B		45 M	46 E
47 K	48 D		49 F	50 K	51 G	52 M	53 N	54 S	55 W	56 H	57 O	58 Q	59 R	60 T		61 R	62 S
	63 O	64 J	65 I	66 G	67 R	68 D	69 N	70 S		71 K	72 C	73 D		74 F	75 F	76 C	77 R
78 K	79 P	80 G		81 I	82 C		83 K	84 O	85 H	86 F	87 R	88 I	89 T	90 G		91 C	92 R
	93 W	94 H	95 P	96 D		97 I	98 S	99 W	100Q		101F	102K	103D	104H		105A	106B
107C	108G	109J	110K	111L	112E	113N	114P		115A	116P	117R	118S	119W	120H	121F	122T	123B
124J	125M	126C		127L	128U		129E	130J	131Q	132W	133D	134L	135U	136Q		137E	138D
	139N	140M	141Q	142W		143R	144G		145S		146G	147J	148E	149F		150A	151W
152L	153Q	154V		155U	156C		157B	158K	159F	160H	161A	162M	163D		164D	165L	
166R	167V	168P		169N	170U	171Q	172V	173T	174B	175W	176M		177S	178T	179H	180A	

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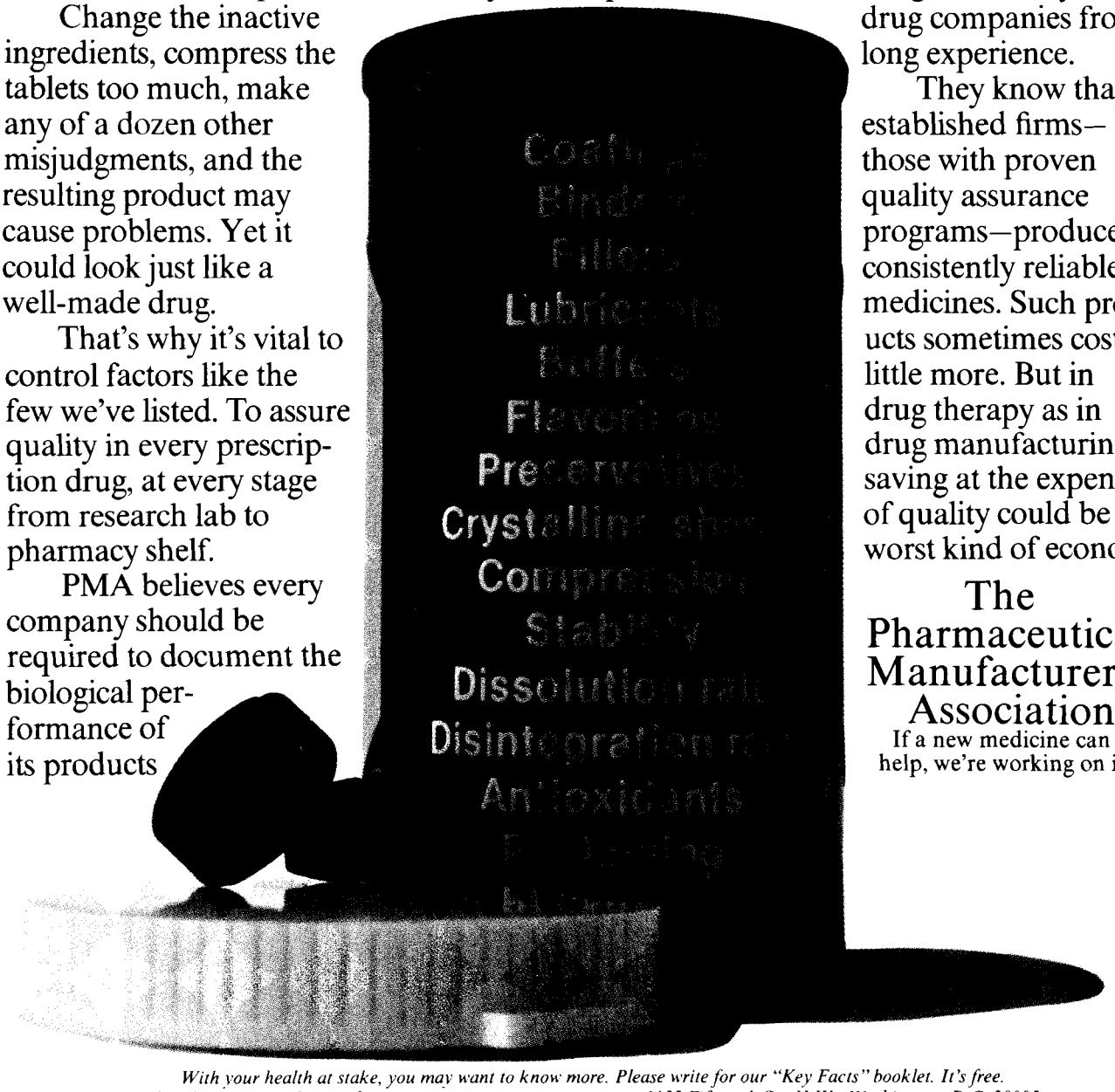

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